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Labour's Declaration of Independence

JUST twelve years ago, the rank-and-file of the Labour Party, working through its elected Executive, took its last independent decision on a matter of major policy: it endorsed its leaders' entry into the War Cabinet. Since then it has been content to ratify the decisions of those leaders and, in foreign affairs, to assent tacitly to what has been, in effect, a bipartisan policy. Last week, this epoch came to an end. The National Executive, having considered the report from the delegation it had sent to confer at Bonn with representatives of the German and French Socialist parties, issued a declaration calling for an immediate Four-Power Conference to discuss the possibility of free elections throughout Germany. It urged that, pending fresh elections in Western Germany, no commitment should be undertaken by the Adenauer Government for a German contribution to the European Defence Community.

Foreign commentators have failed surprisingly to appreciate the significance of this resolution. Not merely does it denote a definite reversal of Party policy towards the whole question of German rearmament, but the voting in the Executive indicates that Mr. Herbert Morrison could have had only two supporters in his advocacy of continued bipartisanship. Alive to rank-and-file sentiment, the trade unionists on the Executive voted solidly for the report which Mr. Dalton's delegation had presented. They realised that, in the changed situation created by the new Russian proposals, they could not face their members tied to the unconditional rearmament of Western Germany.

It may be too much to hope that this decisive reorientation of Labour policy will have much influence either in Washington or on the mind of Mr. Churchill. It is still possible, of course, that ratification of the Contractual Agreement by the Assembly in Bonn may be held up beyond the scheduled date. Opposition to the armed integration of Western Germany in the American sphere, at the cost of irrevocably partitioning the Reich, is growing. This week, the Federal Parliament has passed a resolution that freedom to trade with Eastern Europe, despite any provisions in the U.S. Battle Act, should be stipulated in the Contractual Agreement; and reports that Washington has been toying with the idea of a conference of the four High Commissioners on all-German elections have undoubtedly increased reluctance in Bonn to see the Contractual Agreement rushed through. Nevertheless, it seems clear that the Western reply to the last Russian Note will be merely a further exercise in delaying tactics; and Mr. Eden's answers to questions in Parliament on Wednesday suggest that the Tory Government is as anxious as the State Department to keep to the scheduled timetable for incorporating Western Germany in the Atlantic Bloc.

This being so, the course for the Labour Front Bench is plain. The declaration by the National Executive gives them a line of policy which both makes good sense and reflects the sentiments of the vast majority of the Labour Movement. It is up to the Party's leaders to fight for that policy with conviction; and they have no need to feel that they must apologise for "second thoughts." It is their clear duty to explain that in the last twelve months the German problem has completely changed. First, the Russians have made proposals which are at least worth testing in conference. Secondly, the conditions which Mr. Attlee laid down as justifying provisional approval of Western German rearmament have not been fulfilled: the N.A.T.O. Powers have not had adequate precedence over Germany in their own "build up"; there is no sign that German "units" will be so integrated as to preclude any chance of a renewed German military menace; and there is no evidence that German rearmament is being undertaken with the "agreement" of German public opinion.

It is not enough for the leaders of the Labour Party to interpret the Executive's declaration as a mandate to fight half-heartedly on this issue, fearful lest they be taunted across the floor with having "changed their minds." They will gain no reward from appeasing their political opponents by "consistency." The choice they have to make is between the confidence of their supporters and the contempt of their enemies.

A Defeat for Huggins

The London conference on Central African federation ended this week. Its "draft federal scheme" is substantially the same as the original scheme but for one or two concessions to White settler opinion, and for new "assurances" about safeguards for African interests. Instead of an African Minister for African affairs in the proposed Federal Cabinet, there would be "a statutory African Affairs Board," having an "independent" chairman and a European and African member nominated from each of the three Territories. This Board, it is said, would have power to veto discriminatory laws, and generally to protect African interests. The Protectorate status of the two Northern Territories, it is further said, would be fully maintained.

This is the mixture as before. For it is useless to talk of constitutional safeguards, no matter how rigidly phrased, in the framework of White settler government. Lugard himself emphasised this when he discussed, in *The Dual Mandate*, the uselessness of the constitutional safeguards which had been applied to Southern Rhodesia. Once executive power had passed from Whitehall to Salisbury, the British Government possessed no means of making these safeguards work. It could only be the same with this proposed federation in Central Africa. Executive power in this federation would rest, in fact, with the Federal Government; and the Federal Government would be, in fact, a White settlers' Government. The announcement that no "final conference" to give official blessing to these proposals will now be held until the end of the year is both a recognition of the effectiveness of African opposition and an admission of temporary defeat.

Industrial Action

Mr. Jack Tanner, in his presidential address to the National Committee—which is in fact the national delegate conference—of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, delivered a forthright attack on those who are advocating the use of industrial action as a weapon against the Conservative Government's legislative proposals. Any such policy, he told the delegates, would react most unfavourably on Labour's political prospects, would split the Labour movement, and would result in an increase of unemployment. Mr. Tanner did not rule out the use of industrial action to resist repressive legislation directed against the workers or designed to hamper their political activity (he had obviously in mind the Trade Union Act of 1926), but he was firm against its use to resist any measure which the Government has so far introduced or announced—i.e., denationalisation as well as the Budget. Communists, he said, were urging such action because it was part of their policy to worsen the economic situation in order to increase their influence; and he denounced the National Council of Shop Stewards as a body which is under Communist leadership, "as everyone ought to know."

On the general issue of the use of industrial action for political purposes Mr. Tanner is obviously in the right. The question he failed to answer is how far the policies of "restraint" can still be expected from the trade unions in face of Government measures plainly designed to raise living costs without a corresponding rise in wages. He got no nearer to facing this question than reminding the Tories that, unless they maintain full employment policies, trade union co-operation in joint consultation is not likely to be maintained. Joint consultation is so often regarded as a concession by the employer to the worker that it is quite refreshing to hear it spoken of once in a while as a concession by labour to capital.

Conflicting Policies in Australia

Mr. Menzies' Government finds itself faced with a revolt by the Governments of the several States of the Australian Commonwealth against its attempt to enforce on them economies in public expenditure by cutting down their access to loan money. The Lower Council, which represents the States as well as the Commonwealth, has refused to accept the central Government's demand that loan expenditure be cut to £A175 millions and has insisted on a total of £A247,500,000. This, Mr. Menzies maintains, cannot be raised, at any rate without inflationary bank advances. The State Premiers retort that the lower figure will involve large-scale dismissals of men now engaged on public works. Mr. Menzies questions this, and counter-asserts that in any event the displaced workers will easily find jobs in the heavy industries, which are short of labour. The States cannot enforce their demands against the Commonwealth, as they depend on its guarantee or on the aid of the Commonwealth Bank for their ability to raise the money they need. Nevertheless, the deadlock is awkward for Mr. Menzies' Government, as it represents a challenge to its deflationary policy and is likely to become formidable if the unemployment predicted by the State Premiers actually comes about.

The Stone of the Covenant

Our Scottish Correspondent writes: The Scottish Covenanters seem to have suffered an almost mortal blow. Six prominent members of the movement have quietly resigned—a fact revealed with the resignation of a seventh, and more vociferous member, Mr. John J. Campbell. Unlike his dissenting colleagues, Mr. Campbell made no secret of his decision, and sent to the Scottish papers his frank views on Dr. McCormick as a leader. "I found John McCormick wanting, not only in statesmanship, but in what we Scots call 'gumption'."

While Dr. McCormick has never lost his bland self-discipline (not even during the worst moments of the Stone crisis) and calmly denies that there is any split, the truth is that he is surrounded by what looks suspiciously like stony wreckage. All at once he has been deserted by prominent men like Mr. John Cameron, Q.C., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and the Rev. Neville Davidson, of Glasgow Cathedral. These supporters, mainly from the professional and middle classes, added sudden lustre to the Covenant in the immediate post-war period. They were a heterogenous lot, Right-wingers, dissident Tories, Liberals, members of all parties and of none, men of ability and of prominence held together by the Covenant's nebulous policy and the petition for a measure of undefined self-government. But for their anti-Socialism, and Arthur Woodburn's famously inept speech, it is doubtful if many of them would ever have found themselves in the movement.

The reasons for the resignations are interesting. Some have been disturbed by remarks made by Dr. McCormick, author Nigel Tranter and Glasgow Councillor Robert Gray (who is by profession a stonemason) about further unconstitutional action in connection with the Stone of Destiny. These people, like so many others, have had enough of the famous Stone; in fairness to them it should be pointed out that they had no idea how deeply committed one or two of their colleagues were to that fantastic escapade. They are now appalled at the suggestion that not even "electric eyes" at Westminster Abbey can stop doughty and rejuvenated Nationalists from taking the Stone back again. Then there are others who don't approve of the Covenant's latest "ploy" to sue the Queen in the Scottish courts to prove the validity of her title.

What happens next? Clearly the leadership must be shaken by these resignations—and more are foreshadowed. But it would be a mistake to assume that the Covenant cannot make some comeback. Until London appreciates that Scottish problems need special solutions, the Covenant will always have grounds for a fresh appeal. A case in point was the recent controversy over the closing of the Clyde piers. Labour's task is clear: before the next General Election it must thrash out a new policy for Scotland—and this time it must keep to it.

Lost Week-end of a Sultan

A Correspondent writes: But for certain factors in the political background, the occupation by British troops from Aden of the little Sultanate of Lahej might be regarded simply as an operation to tidy up a situation which had acquired too much of the flavour of the Arabian Nights to fit the Twentieth Century. A year ago the Sultan's younger brother, Prince Ali, announced his intended marriage. The Sultan, one-eyed, heirless and given to bouts of self-indulgence normally forbidden to Moslems, suspected a more manly rival and sensed a plot. On the night of the bride's traditional party, levies of the Sultan looted the palaces of the two ruling families; and the Sultan himself, having gate-crashed the women's party and had a merry time switching off the lights, ordered the assembled guests to leave Lahej. Knowing their Sultan, they did this without ado: practically the whole of the Sultan's family fled to Aden.

In remorse—he said he could not remember what had happened, though he had in fact abducted a young girl as his fourth wife—the Sultan appealed to the exiles to return. This they did last summer, on the Sultan's promise to appoint and Advisory Council. The first meeting of the Council, however, was enough to revive the Sultan's suspicions that a plot against him was

"CHESTER WILMOT'S WAR"

This week, we take the unusual course of printing (on p. 557) an article on Mr. Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe*, by Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., which appeared recently in the New York *Reporter*. It is a remarkable fact that, in a period when "anti-Americanism" has become one of the political sins, the British press has taken little note of U.S. comment on Mr. Wilmot's indictment of President Roosevelt's war policies, and we believe that many readers will be glad to have an opportunity to read this incisive rebuttal written from the standpoint of American liberalism. Mr. Schlesinger is a professor of American History at Harvard.

afoot; and some of the members lost no time in returning to Aden. A few weeks ago, two members of the Council, who remained, were murdered; the Governor of Aden demanded an inquiry which the Sultan refused; and soon after this the Sultan fled to the Yemen and British troops moved in.

So much for the Sultan's eccentricities. Lahej, however, forms a tiny buffer State between Aden and the Yemen, whose Imam has never abandoned territorial claims to Aden itself, and has always viewed suspiciously the "protective" treaties between Britain and small Sultanates along the Gulf. The arrival of British troops in Lahej evoked from the Imam forceful protests; and it may be significant that the Sultan of Lahej had always insisted that he could get along without having a British political officer at his elbow. A further complicating factor may be the desire of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to make up for the loss of Abadan by building a new refinery in the Gulf. Aden itself could hardly find room for a large-scale installation; and most of the possible sites might involve encroaching on the territories of the "protected" Arab States. Certainly, after the Persian experience, considerations of political security would be likely to weigh with the oil company in making a decision.

VIENNA

Determinedly Dependent

A Correspondent writes: On the surface, life in Vienna goes on normally; underneath there is a widespread attitude of futility and frustration. "The peace treaty? We Austrians have forgotten how to sign anything but an *Empfangsbescheinigung*, a receipt for cash." This comment, made to me recently by a cynical Government official, reflects not merely the general feeling that "things can go on like this indefinitely," but Austrian determination to be economically dependent on someone. "If we can't still be part of the Third Reich, we may as well get as close as we can to being part of the United States."

So long as American dollars roll in, Austria is a viable concern, although most business men here will tell you that the country's natural markets are in Eastern Europe. As it is, U.S. assistance has curious, distorting effects on Austria's economy. It has been used, for instance, to finance a new joint Austro-German hydro-electric project, whose output will be exported exclusively to Western Germany, though Austria is importing expensive coal for the manufacture of electric power. Yet there is a half-completed dam on the Danube near Persenbeug. Its completion, which would cost the Austrian Government no more than their share in the new project, would make a vast difference to Austria's internal power resources. But Persenbeug is in the Russian Zone and so the use there of "counterpart funds" is banned.

The Russians, of course, are blamed for everything. Are they not "taking all Austria's oil"—in spite of the fact that over 50 per cent. of the petrol produced in Austria goes to domestic consumption? "The Poles overcharge us for coal"—though Polish coal is in reality over 30 schillings a ton cheaper here than American. Not long ago, Herr Gruber, the Foreign Minister, actually suggested that the Russian-controlled industries in Austria should be boycotted, if necessary to the extent of cutting off their power supplies and thus, presumably, throwing the 55,000 Austrians employed in them out of work. By an unfortunate mistake, Herr Gruber's speech was published in the American press two days before he spoke.

Meanwhile, the cost of living is high, and rising. Coke, for example, last year cost 470 schillings and now costs over 1,200 schillings a ton. Altogether, since the outbreak of the Korean War, the Austrian cost of living has gone up by over 60 per cent., and real wages have fallen seriously. Moreover, there are signs that trade recession is on the way. Export orders are falling off, and there is a general impression among industrialists that there is a slump ahead. During a recent visit to the Donawitz steel works, I asked why so little had been done to modernise the small, uneconomic, open-hearth furnaces in operation. "Uneconomic? Not at all," was the answer; "it will be much easier to close some down when we begin to lay off men."

WESTMINSTER

Overlords in Trouble

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The trouble about Mr. Churchill's lengthy Commons statement on the role of the Overlords—followed as it was by the immediate resignation of the Minister principally concerned—is that it did not deal with the real causes of anxiety. As an essay on the development of Cabinet procedure, it was both lucid and largely acceptable to the constitutionalists on both sides, though weight ought to be attached to Mr. Attlee's pragmatic criticism that a certain amount of privacy is desirable in these more intimate intra-Governmental relations. But when the Prime Minister was questioned in detail about the application of these generalities, both the lucidity and the acceptability of his replies were notably diminished. What Members are asking is whether the system is in fact working properly. Have the right men been appointed? Has there been a dangerous reduction in the departmental responsibility of individual Ministers? Is Mr. Maclay's illness genuine? And, if so, has it been induced by an overdose of Overlords?

Last week's conflicting statements by Lords Woolton and Leathers, remarkable though they were, did no more than bring into the open a feeling, which Members of all parties have shared for some time, that the results of the system are far from satisfactory. Mr. Churchill defended his two senior colleagues against Labour criticism with courage and some adroitness. But there seemed to be very little enthusiasm on the benches behind him for his defence of Lord Woolton. Indeed Mr. Attlee's waspish inquiry whether the Prime Minister's "confidence" was based on Lord Woolton's success as Lord President of the Council or manager of the election was received with a glum embarrassment on the Conservative benches, which made Opposition laughter seem almost indecent.

Labour, meanwhile, has made an important clarification of policy by means of the statement of its National Executive Committee on German rearmament. The insistence on a constructive response to the Soviet note and the redefinition of the "Attlee conditions," mark a considerable triumph for the Left and Centre of the party, led on this occasion by Mr. Dalton, over the more extreme views of, notably, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Noel-Baker. An effort seems to have been made at this week's meeting of the Parliamentary Party to contract out of the decision. But there can be little doubt that the majority supports the new line; and in any event it is difficult to see how the Parliamentary Party could constitutionally disregard a formal policy statement by the National Executive, even if it wanted to. It is suggested in some quarters that the next step is for a prominent Bevanite to move the suspension of the new Standing Orders, in order that Mr. Morrison's friends may be free to vote according to conscience without the fear of expulsion.

WASHINGTON

The Golden Door

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Isolationism dies hard in the United States, despite well-intentioned efforts by the Administration and by countless people who accept in theory the responsibility for world leadership. The practical details tend still to be decided by old instincts. Take, for instance, the immigration laws and the tariff policy.

Congress is at present in the throes of working out a new Statute to codify and modernise the basic immigration laws of the United States. One measure, known as the Walter Bill, passed the House of Representatives on April 24 after unsuccessful attempts to liberalise it. A similar measure, if anything more restrictive, is before the Senate, sponsored by Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. Senators Humphrey and Lehman, who represent the dwindling band of New Dealers, have submitted a rival and more liberal Bill. The immigration laws now in force were enacted in 1917 and 1924. The new Bills are complicated in the extreme. The Walter Bill runs to 165 pages, the McCarran Bill to 302. But when analysed they would both only allow 380 more aliens to enter the United States each year, which is hardly in keeping with the "Golden Door" sentiments inscribed on the Statue of Liberty. Moreover, as Norris Dodd of the Food and Agriculture Organisation pointed out the other day, the world is now seeing a net increase of population equal to the addition of a city the size of Washington every ten days.

The present annual quota for all immigrants is 154,277. Senator Humphrey claims his Bill would allow 60,000 more to come in a year. All three Bills remove the present total barrier against the naturalisation of Japanese, Indonesians, Burmese, Siamese and natives of certain Pacific islands. But the McCarran and Walter Bills place a limit of 2,000 a year on people coming from an "Asia Pacific triangle" or tracing back half their ancestry to it, and set a quota of 100 for aliens from colonies, including those of the Western Hemisphere. This, as Harlem's Representative Powell has pointed out, is designed to discriminate against Negroes. Under the present law, aliens from colonies are charged to the mother countries, and countries in the Western Hemisphere are not subject to quotas. The general policy of the immigration laws in the past was to keep the mixture in the melting pot to the same recipe as prevailed at the end of the nineteenth century, that is to say to keep the predominance of Anglo-Saxon and West European stock, once the huge demand for unskilled labour had been largely satisfied.

It was Congress which insisted upon the Escape Clause in the Trade Agreements Act, the increasing use of which has been causing alarm at the British Embassy. Mr. Acheson was opposed to its inclusion in the first place. Now there is little he can do except express hopes at his press conferences that it will only be invoked in cases of genuine injury. It is Congress and not the State Department or the Treasury which makes Tariff policy. Almost any constituent can get his Congressman to urge the Tariff Commission to invoke the Escape Clause on his behalf. Thus tariff policy is subject to every pressure group seeking relief. A number of American newspapers are now pointing out that the Escape Clause is mischievous because it keeps the foreign business man, already chivvied into trying to sell in the hard currency market, in a state of constant uncertainty. All the signs are that demands by special interests for protection will increase. The heyday of freedom from foreign competition, which has lasted virtually since 1939, has begun to fade, and the clamour for help is heard in the land.

The Broadmoor Panic

It would be lamentable if an inflamed public opinion led to any retrograde changes at Broadmoor. Apart from the reasonable demands of local residents for greater security and prompt warning of an escape, much of this week's popular outcry can have no other basis than community vengeance baulked of its prey. The futility of a solely punitive regime for the insane is even to-day not universally recognised.

Since Broadmoor became a nationalised hospital in 1949, runs the chorus, and passed from the care of the Prison Commission to that of the Board of Control, its prisoners have become patients—wearing their own clothes, eating palatable food, smoking, playing games, reading, working when they want to, running concert parties, even laughing. Grotesquely inaccurate descriptions of the Institution in some newspapers can be explained only by a desire to prepare popular feeling for a return to the straitjacket, the padded cell, and general "toughness."

The changed treatment of Broadmoor patients owes little to the change in departmental responsibility; and, as Mr. Crookshank told the Commons, the security arrangements have not been relaxed. The truth is that the Board of Control with its long experience in the management of mental institutions was quick to approve, when it took over, the reforms which had been started long before. The responsibility—and we should say the everlasting credit—for these changes belong mainly to Dr. Joseph Hopwood, who, as Medical Superintendent since 1937, has built up a system of trust, sympathy, and co-operation that now makes it possible to discharge about 50 patients a year as cured.

Broadmoor is too often thought of as an inferno of dementia, the last place where "cure"—often mistrusted as superstitiously as insanity itself—should be attempted. But therapeutic work of a high order is going on there under difficult conditions. About 50 per cent of the 900 inmates have committed murder, and been found by juries "guilty but insane" or "unfit to plead", or declared insane by the Home Secretary's advisory panel on reprieves. Another 20 per cent., perhaps, have caused deaths, either directly or indirectly, in circumstances that do not amount to murder. "Infanticide" by mothers with temporarily unbalanced minds accounts for a considerable number of these. The rest includes pyromaniacs, sex offenders and persons with delusions or habits that have caused them to break the law and can make them dangerous again if not supervised.

There are people who profess an academic belief, safely tenable because it is manifestly impracticable, that lunatics who are either dangerous or incurable should be put to death, not as a punishment or an example, but to save money and trouble. It is even possible to advocate such a course on grounds of humanity. But what stands in the way of this is the jury system. History has shown that juries will always acquit when the law is more severe than popular opinion. Probably 95 per cent. of Broadmoor's patients are there in consequence of juries' verdicts—either "guilty but insane" or "unfit to plead." This strikingly high percentage is almost certainly explained by the survival of capital punishment for murder. Indeed so great an authority as Sir William Norwood East points out, in a new report published by the Medico-Legal Society, that juries too readily find criminals "unfit to plead." A man can be certifiably insane and yet "fit to plead" to an indictment; some such men, even in Broadmoor, make wills, instruct lawyers in divorce proceedings and even, it is said, conduct profitable operations on the Stock Exchange. Moreover a man may be "unfit to plead" and yet completely innocent. But all these go to Broadmoor, as do prisoners who become violently insane in ordinary prisons and persons who, on arrest for serious crimes, are found to be too unmanageably insane to be brought into court for any kind of trial at all. Broadmoor is, in fact, an experiment as well as a fortress. It is not in the vanguard of the mental health experiment going on in Europe, because Dr. Hopwood is aware that the people in his care are not there as guinea-pigs. He deliberately keeps a step behind the latest clinical successes in Vienna and elsewhere. But his medical staff works with enthusiasm and patience on the electro-convulsive and insulin shock treatments, on psycho-analysis and—most important—occupational therapy.

The current clamour that the control of Broadmoor should revert from the Ministry of Health to the Home Office (which, we are glad to note, the Prime Minister has sensibly discouraged) is in fact an expression of the desire that constructive nursing be abandoned in favour of higher walls, stronger locks, convict uniforms and prison discipline. That adequate security measure are the pre-requisite of proper treatment is obvious. But it is a matter for great regret that the Straffen affair, occurring just as Dr. Hopwood is about to retire, should be used to question his enlightened administration.

Bone of Contention

The problem of the Saar to-day is almost crudely simple: France needs the Saar territory economically, Germany needs it emotionally. It is difficult to feel that either is profoundly concerned with the welfare or happiness of the Saar population; or rather, as things are, it is important to the French that the Saarlanders shall be content, and it is important to the Germans that they shall feel rebellious. It is scarcely necessary to add that the French have the more difficult task.

To anyone who knew the Saar in the days of League of Nations rule, when it enjoyed tariff advantages in both directions, it nevertheless seems impressively prosperous to-day. War damage here was inevitably tremendous and there is a great housing shortage in Saarbrücken itself. But the people look well-dressed and well-fed, and the absence of beggars is striking if one comes from Germany. Not only is there full, but there is expanding, employment, for the iron and steel industry has developed so as to employ more people to-day than the mines. This is new, and it is noteworthy because the Saar itself has no iron, but depends upon ore from Lorraine. If prices are high, wages are good; social insurances also are quite generous, the Saar Government contributing 52 per cent. while employers and employed together pay only 48 per cent. If family allowances are smaller than in France, old age pensions begin at 60, and most workers get about three weeks' of paid holidays in the year, including the Catholic feast days.

A major grievance against France, in spite of the prevailing plenty, is the Saar share of Marshall Aid. Given the circumstances it is not surprising that the French found reasons for disgorging a minimum of the French-area total to the Saarlanders, and that little, it seems, as a loan from France. On their side the Saarlanders, whether supporters or enemies of the present Hoffmann regime, vociferously objected that they were exactly the productive sort of people for whom Marshall Aid was intended.

But the worst trouble with the French is, as it was in the League of Nations period, the whole matter of the French ownership of the mines. The disastrous situation has been re-created of the *Régie des Mines* as the employer of the German Saar miners. The French authorities in the mines insist that coal prices and therefore miners' wages must be decided for the French economic area as a whole. Thus, although Saar wages, according to the French-Saar Conventions of 1950, are ultimately decided by a Commission composed of two Frenchmen together with two Saarlanders, a Frenchmen is always in the chair, and in the last instance French needs prevail. This deprives the Saar miners of collective bargaining and arbitration rights.

At this point the problem of the Saar becomes rather more complicated. Thanks, largely, to the extreme nationalism of the German S.P.D. under the leadership of Schumacher and Ollenhauer, the Socialist Party in the Saar is splitting in two. The old Socialist leaders here, survivors of the Nazi concentration camps, or men like Max Braun's brother whose ten years' Odyssey via France, North Africa and Britain lasted from the plebiscite in 1935 until the end of the war, have thrown in their lot with the Hoffmann regime; they now form the opposition in the *Landtag* to the Catholic Government party. A few weeks ago, however, the miners gave more votes in *Betriebsrat* elections to new men like Kutsch, and a new pro-German Socialist party is applying for constitutional recognition in time to compete in the *Landtag* elections which will probably occur in September. This will throw together the new Saar Socialists with the small and dwindling Communist party, which has been pro-German all along, against the old Socialist party and that of Herr Hoffmann.

When I asked a taxi-driver to drive to the Government Building, to visit Herr Hoffmann, he began to drive to the French Diplomatic Mission until I pointed out to him that it was not upon M. Grandval that I wished at that moment to call. Herr Hoffmann and his supporters are indeed branded by a certain part of the Saar population as French hirelings and separatists, just as they were (as anti-Nazi party leaders) by the Nazis in the propaganda campaign before the plebiscite in January, 1935. In addition, the Hoffmann regime is now denounced as terrorist—in the Bonn debate on April 23 the German Social Democrats spoke of Paris and Saarbrücken in terms of Moscow and Pankow.

What is the truth? The Saar constitution is admittedly provisional, pending the German Peace Treaty. Herr Hoffmann's party and the Socialist opposition which helped to set up the present Saar regime insist, however, that until the

Peace Treaty or some particular settlement with regard to the Saar, political life must be based upon acceptance of the existing constitution, *i.e.*, the political autonomy of the Saar and its separation from Germany and at the same time its economic union with France. Both Saar Government and Opposition remember only too well how the Weimar Republic was undermined by the enemies it tolerated. Herr Hoffman therefore refuses to allow the formation of parties opposed to Saar autonomy, and he bans newspapers which attack the *status quo*. Far from objecting to the change by which M. Grandval, the French High Commissioner, was appointed French Ambassador in Saarbrücken, Herr Hoffmann welcomed a gesture which recognised his Government as something more than a local council supervised by France. The appointment, nevertheless, showed a curious disregard for the provisional character of the Hoffmann regime.

To what extent does the Hoffmann attitude involve brutal oppression, police terrorisation and the rest? Far from being scared to talk about their complaints, those who regard Saar autonomy as injurious to Germany love to air their grievances. They are naturally annoyed that they are not free to form political parties nor to have their own press in the Saar. For the last year there has been a fairly ceaseless hubbub about the suppression in the Spring of 1951 of a German nationalist group which called itself the Saar Democratic Party (D.P.S.).

An atmosphere in which political parties are suppressed is obviously disagreeable; since fresh elections to the Assembly are due before the end of September, recriminations have multiplied, are multiplying and will continue to multiply. And another disagreeable feature in the situation is that the Hoffmann Government has expelled a certain number of Saarlanders on account of their German nationalist attitude. These people have formed a *Saar Band* in Germany, and some of them bring out the *Deutsche Saar Zeitung* in Bad Kreuznach. This appears once a fortnight. It is—like many publications in the German Federal Republic to-day—reminiscent of former Nazi publications without some of the key words. Its Easter number launched a fierce anti-Semitic attack upon M. Grandval, whom it invited to "go home" to Tel Aviv. When François-Poncet ordered the confiscation of this issue throughout the French zone in Germany, German public opinion appeared to be outraged—more on behalf of this *emigré* sheet than on account of the French High Commissioner's direct orders to the German police.

How all these things effect the Saar population it is difficult to judge. There is no doubt that the Saarlanders are German and feel German, but no one is trying to interfere with their language or way of life—there is less evidence of the French in Saarbrücken than of the Americans in Frankfurt or Stuttgart. The Saarlanders' experience of incorporation in the Reich from 1935 to 1945 was not madly encouraging. Altogether people—particularly young people—are more apathetic than they were between the wars, and do not wish to commit themselves. The new university just outside Saarbrücken is on the whole popular in spite of its French inspiration. On the other hand, the clergy are subject to German bishops and tend to be anti-French and anti-Hoffmann. To some extent Saar sentiment varies with the value of the French franc, so that for the moment M. Pinay has succeeded in pouring a little water into the wine of German patriotism in the Saar. It might, however, grow heady with encouragement from the apparently prosperous Federal Republic.

Saarbrücken. ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

London Diary

I CANNOT help thinking that Mr. Attlee's May Day message to the "peoples beyond the Iron Curtain" missed an opportunity of touching the imagination of his audience. He commended, according to the press reports, the virtue of tolerance above the utility of force; he branded the Russian Communists "not as leaders in the advance of civilisation, but as belonging to a past era which we are glad to have left behind"; he proclaimed the freedoms of thought, conscience, speech and franchise as the hallmark of Western civilisation. This is all very well. I quite agree with Mr. Attlee that personal liberty and tolerance are among our most cherished assets and must be stressed in a political address of this kind. But to suppose that these and nothing more will win a popular response among the peasants and workers of Eastern Europe indicates an astonishing *naiveté*. The people of the Communist-controlled countries must be waiting to hear, first, how the British Labour Party can stretch out a hand to help them towards their Socialism. What, for instance, can we do to foster economic relations between East and West, which might ease a little their burden of austerity? Can we share with them, and so relieve them of, part of their fear of renewed German militarism? Are we, in fact, on their side or against them? If they could be convinced that British Labour was working single-mindedly towards a Socialist society, legitimate Western criticisms of the Soviet State and its xenophobia might evoke a striking response. Mr. Attlee's defence of 19th-century liberalism will, I fear, confirm the suspicion, carefully instilled by the Russians, that the non-Communist politicians of the West are all alike in their remoteness from the urgent and practical aspirations of men and women struggling to free themselves from centuries of feudal and capitalist oppression.

* * *

Most of the delegates to the recent Economic Conference at Moscow seem to have been astonished by the rapidity with which the standard of life is being raised in Moscow, by the improvement in the quality of articles that are being produced, by the number of consumer goods that have now at last reached the stage of mass production and by the obvious delight of the people of Moscow as they see the prospect of a vastly improved life. Of course these observers are also excited about the marvels of the Russian theatre and ballet, the famous marble Underground and all the rest of it; and, of course, they know that they have not been much beyond Moscow and that the gaiety and progress they describe are perfectly compatible with police autocracy. But as far as it goes, the delegates with whom I have been in touch agree that the impression which Western newspaper readers get is a false one, partly because it is against official policy in the West to understand Russia, and partly because it has been Russian policy to prevent us from seeing for ourselves. Is there now any chance that the Russians will follow up the Conference and allow the West to take more peeps behind the Iron Curtain? Will they also allow Russians to take unconducted tours in the West? And, if so, will the Americans let them in?

* * *

In view of the wealth of existing matter in the fourth volume of *The Times History*, it would be surprising if reviewers had paid much attention to a short appendix on "Parnellism and Crime." I doubt if I should have noticed it myself if I had not followed with interest the long, unflagging campaign for truth waged by Captain Henry Harrison. Harrison, now 84 years old and a real veteran of Irish independence from the days of Parnell, is the author of a series of first-class books on this subject, and long ago conclusively proved that Captain O'Shea was a despicable character and that *The Times* behaved indefensibly over the whole business of the Pigott Letters. His evidence was ignored—it can scarcely have been overlooked—by *The Times* in Volume III of the *History*. Since then he has laboured sturdily with help from good historians like J. L. Hammond to induce in *The Times* a sense of sin. At last he has succeeded. The Appendix is a complete apology and withdrawal by *The Times*. A triumph for Captain Harrison.

* * *

If you bought a piece of silverware stamped with a lion, an anchor, and a Gothic G, you would imagine, or be entitled to imagine, that your purchase was sterling silver bearing the Birmingham hallmark of the year 1830. You might be wrong. In 1910 an American firm of silversmiths in Rhode Island, whose name began with the initial G, registered these symbols as a trademark for their current production. Representations were made by the British Government, and the trademark in question was ultimately de-registered; but the fact remains that there is nothing to prevent any American firm putting British hallmarks on its silver. In fact, I hear that one firm in the U.S. is now using the London hallmark on electro-plate, while within the last three years a Massachusetts firm has adopted as its trade-mark an exact copy of the Sheffield hallmark—incorporating a Gothic W, which stands for 1914. This trade-mark, I hear, has actually been registered in the U.S.; and this—quite apart from trade ethics—is causing grave concern among British silversmiths. For, if nothing is done to oppose the registration of this Massachusetts trade-mark, it is quite on the cards that an application might be made to the U.S. Customs to stop imports of Sheffield silver on the ground that a registered American trade-mark was being infringed. Here surely, is a case in which Mr. Eden might follow the firm line taken by his predecessor in 1910.

* * *

I am looking forward to the production by Theatre Workshop (at the Embassy Theatre for a fortnight from next Monday) of Ewan MacColl's atomic morality play, *Uranium 235*. Those who have followed the fortunes of this remarkable company of strolling players will find it ironic that, after years of *succès d'estime* from Czechoslovakia to Scotland, appearing often in barns, cellars and every kind of derelict hall, they should at last arrive as near the West End as Swiss Cottage. Last summer at Edinburgh, but not, of course, as part of the Festival, they stole the thunder from Henry Sherek's festival *chef d'œuvre*, Margaret Lockwood in *Pygmalion*, by drawing full houses of the more discriminating visitors to their rival production in a remote and inconvenient Oddfellows Hall. Although Ewan MacColl and Joan Littlewood, who lead the group, will be almost embarrassingly suspicious of West End applause, I am glad that Michael Redgrave, who presents them on this occasion, has the discernment to offer London what the organisers of the Edinburgh Festival failed to offer their international audience. I am glad also to hear that Redgrave's collaborator in the enterprise, the unseen fairy godfather as it were, is Henry Sherek. An honourable atonement for Edinburgh.

* * *

If G. K. C. had been alive to-day, would he have turned the vials of his wrath from "the

wicked grocer" to Mr. Bones the Butcher? The other day a friend of mine took a dim view of the featureless, bony object that had arrived from her butcher as weekly ration for five persons. Being more pertinacious than most of us, she telephoned the local Weights and Measures Inspectorate. Within half an hour, two officials arrived with a weighing machine—a brace of Enforcement Officers from the M. of F. hard on their heels. It was found that the meat was not merely short weight, but had been over-priced as well. A trivial incident—but for the fact that my friend gathered from the Enforcement Officers the impression that this form of shabby dealing is by no means uncommon. The reason, I suspect, is twofold. Most households, with only two or three books, are apt to get an anonymous piece of meat whose grade in the price scale is difficult to detect. Apart from that, many butchers disarm their customers by giving them, or *professing to give them*, a few pence-worth of meat more than the legal cash minimum. I know that the butcher's lot is not always a happy one: he has little redress if his wholesaler sends him a high proportion of fat meat. All the same, this story makes me think that if more people had the courage to ask for an official check now and then, household shopping baskets would profit.

POLYCRITIC

ANCHORS AWRY

There was total disagreement on the Nato Fleet command
When Fechteler went flying to the West.
The British took a final and uncompromising stand,
And differences were cordially expressed.
The Generals and the Marshals backed the Admiralty team,
The U.S. Navy Chief laid claim to all Commands Supreme,
And they parted with annoyance and expressions of esteem,
When Fechteler went flying to the West.

There was no misunderstanding on the Nato Southern Fleet
When Fechteler to Washington flew out,
There was mutual comprehension, and the deadlock was complete
Though Fechteler out friendship did not doubt.
"The background of the trouble has been clarified," said he,
"By Air Force Jack, and Sea Lord Mac, and Army Bill and me,
We broke down on the best of terms, although we can't agree,"
When Fechteler to Washington flew out.

The Allied Chiefs of Staff exchanged the most divergent views,
When Fechteler went flying to the States,
He thought that all the Nato Powers the Admiral should choose
While Britain wanted no Allied debates.
America might swing the vote of Italy and France,
She might win Greece and Turkey, who had voted in advance,
But Britain's sea supremacy she would not leave to chance,
When Fechteler went flying to the States.

To none Great Britain would resign the Empire's Suez route,
When Fechteler went flying to the West.
For lifelines of the Commonwealth the States don't give a hoot,
However strongly Britain may protest.
The U.S. Navy must control the Nato Southern flank,
Great Britain won't take second place or drop to lower rank—
And Whitehall talks were friendly but furiously frank,
When Fechteler went flying to the West.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Buckingham Palace . . . is permitting decorated men's scarves and women's head squares, but draws the line at handkerchiefs.

Said Sir Dudley Colles, secretary to the Keeper of the Privy Purse yesterday: "We don't want people blowing their noses on Royal emblems, you know!"—*Daily Mirror*. (E. B. Goldstein.)

"When I am canvassing, I always look at the doorstep. If the step is dirty and the curtains a disgrace she is a Socialist!" asserted Mrs. W. Hoyle-Smith, who is the Conservative candidate *Middleton Guardian*. (N. Barton.)

Every time I see an early tulip, upright as a soldier of the Queen, I lift my chin and straighten my shoulders.—G. Pyne, Dartford.—*Evening News*. (J. R.)

Lord Woolton claimed that but for our balance-of-payments difficulties the Government would by now have de-rationed sugar and sweets, improved the fat ration and bought more meat outside the sterling area.—*News Chronicle*. (Gensini.)

7.50 Lift Up Your Hearts! Readings from the Prophets—Jeremiah.—*Radio Times*. (Gerald C. Jervis.)

New West Africa

II. TOWARDS TWO DOMINIONS

NOTHING is more remarkable about the nationalism of West Africa than its rapidity of growth. Though European traders have had contact with The Coast for half a millennium, penetration of the interior is much less than a century old. To-day, you may come across towns and villages up country that are bubbling with new life and new ideas, although "pacified" no more than three or four decades back. If West African intellectuals, with Macaulay, Hayford, Azikiwe, and a few others in the van, have worked for years towards the goal of West African independence, generally it is only since the second World War that people at large have caught the spirit of their thought and pressed in their wake.

These last few years have been exciting and eventful for others besides the Africans of the Gold Coast and Nigeria. Administrators trained in another discipline—a discipline which assumed that Britain should rule these territories for long decades into the future—have seen their assumptions and convictions swept away on a tide of new and perturbing ideas. Trading companies, rich and powerful, have seen their monopolies challenged, and here and there successfully challenged. And everywhere to-day you meet the sense of change and forward movement, the sense that what was denied yesterday is not denied to-day, and that what is still denied to-day will have to be granted to-morrow.

In their efforts to cope with this flood of movement towards a new and wider future, the British have shown themselves to be reluctant starters but quick to learn. It is only a few years since Nationalist leaders such as Danquah in the Gold Coast and Azikiwe in Nigeria were generally regarded by the Administration as turbulent and subversive agitators, undermining the autocracies which passed for colonial government, bound to conflict with "law and order," and destined (as many thought and many hoped) to end their days in gaol. Yet Danquah to-day tends to be seen by these same administrative officers as a rather dowdy conservative or even a potential ally against his more radical countryman; while Azikiwe is fast settling down into the respectability which comes from making lots of money, and investing it in order to make more.

Having got off to a painfully slow start in overtaking the demands of West African nationalism—as was most painfully shown in the practically abortive constitutions promulgated after the last war by Governor Burns in the Gold Coast and Governor Richards in Nigeria—the British have worked fast to catch up with events which threatened altogether to escape imperial control. They have worked so well, indeed, that they are probably ahead of events in both countries at the moment. With a liberal colonial policy in London (at any rate towards these two territories), Governor Macpherson in Nigeria and Governor Arden Clark in the Gold Coast—both of them extremely tactful and sympathetic and yet determined—have gone far to capture the initiative from the Nationalists.

For anyone accustomed to the sterilities of British policy elsewhere in Africa, the consequences of this wise and timely foresight on the part of imperial authority are bound to be startling. Thus it is generally true of Nigeria, and even of the Gold Coast, that Africans at the moment are far more concerned with one another than they are with the British. However much the more restless critics may deplore certain aspects of their newly acquired constitution, most Nigerian politicians talk of allowing it to run a full five years before demanding another big advance towards Dominion status. Both of the two important Nationalist parties in Nigeria, the National Convention of Nigeria and the Cameroons and the Action Group, are committed to working this constitution, and are in fact working it for all they are worth. Their polemics are directed more and more against each other, and less and less against imperial authority; and this, perhaps, is largely because both take it for granted that further constitutional concessions will be made in the near future. There is nothing in the British attitude to suggest that they were wrong in thinking this. That being so, Nigerian thoughts turn understandably to the internal competition for power.

It would be wrong to explain this situation merely in terms of a British change of heart. The attitude of the British Labour Movement has played its part, as some good administrators have played theirs, in producing a situation which is without precedent in Africa, and which, other things being equal, will shortly terminate in the emergence of two African Dominions of the Commonwealth. African capacities, moreover, are clearly much greater than most non-Africans have imagined. But the policy which promotes these Dominions—and promotes them with good will and even with enthusiasm—is also the return to an old tradition. Historically, the crucial difference between British and other colonising influences on the West Coast was that the British practised non-intervention while the French and others practised conquest. It would be complacent to suppose that this argued greater British generosity or enlightenment (though to some extent, as the story of anti-slavery shows, it certainly did): the real explanation is much more in terms of relative imperial strengths. The fact remains that for long years it was British policy not to intervene, not to incur commitments, not to undertake to "police and pacify," but to leave British interests on the West Coast to what Mary Kingsley called "our great solid understuff," the merchant adventurers. Thus Sir George Goldie and the Royal Niger Company played in West Africa the same part—though with

less coercion and brutality, since they did not wish to take the land—as Rhodes and the British South Africa Company played in the Rhodesias.

Non-intervention was very well so long as the Powers competed for West Africa in terms of trading stations and of "treaties" with local chieftains or with men who were made to pass as such. But with French and German military expeditions traversing the land, the merchant adventurers risked losing everything. There followed accordingly the period of imperialist enclosure. Lugard marked out the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria. Colonialism came to West Africa in full force.

That was no more than fifty years ago. But in fifty years the chase for colonies has spent itself. It would have been perfectly possible to switch back to the old policy of non-commitment as soon as the first World War was over. Instead, these colonies were usually governed between the wars by a mixture of arrogant paternalism and miserly reaction, dreadful to look back upon. Twenty years were thrown away, years when the first African Nationalists were regarded with dismay and hatred and when stand-still and frustration were the order of the day—interrupted now and then by sanguinary "disturbances" as the energies of these virile peoples broke themselves on imperial barriers that seemed insuperable.

Now, to our credit, the flood is flowing strong the other way. Reverting to the old policy of non-commitment in a new form, and still with the basic assumption that the well-being of British commercial interests is a primary consideration, colonial policy recognises that the West African colonies should develop towards self-government within the framework of the Commonwealth, the sterling area, and parliamentary institutions conveyed from Westminster. While one may reasonably question whether the further progress of West Africa will long remain compatible with some of these conditions, there is no doubt that this new attitude is as shining gold when compared with its forerunner. Not all officers of the Administration have yet found it possible to make the difficult mental adjustment which is involved: many are still anchored in the past. Many Africans, in the same way, have yet to realise that some of the old barriers are down. Nerves still rasped and raw from years of frustration tend to find release in scalding articles in the Nationalist press. The worst suspicions are still easily aroused on either side. But the gains in good will, even so, are enormous.

It would be easy enough to criticise the manner and method of this advance towards self-government. Thirty-five million people are not so easily released from autocracy. But the reasons for disquiet are not those that are generally advanced by people in Britain who think that we are going "too fast." We are not going too fast in West Africa: in some ways, indeed, we are going too slowly—either for the welfare of these areas or for our own. There remains a strong administrative tendency to manage constitutional change so that the old practice of respectable authoritarianism shall have precedence over the new practice of democracy and popular election. Economic advance lags behind political advance—and this at a time of unique prosperity in these territories. Political advance tends to fall into hands which are no less unskilfully conservative for being African instead of European. What is one to make of a Yoruba chieftain such as Chief Arthur Prest, for instance, who is a leader of the Action Group and one of the new Nigerian Ministers, and can say—even at this infant stage of self-government—that "right-thinking people in Nigeria" are already "beginning to feel that the arrogance of the British administrator is preferable to the exploitation of our national leaders . . ."; and continue, as he lately did in a newspaper article, by remarking in a country of extremely low wages that "labour is being pampered with demands for higher wages, and standards of living under the pressure of higher wages are sliding steeply . . ."?

The British, of course, are not responsible for the opinions of Chief Arthur Prest and his friends. The onus now is with the Africans to find their own way towards a future they must build themselves. The most that one can reasonably say at this stage is that West African nationalism, either in the Gold Coast or in Nigeria, gives no sure sign as yet of having squarely faced the problems of that future. Perhaps it is too early to expect that the Nationalists should look beyond their immediate problem of assuring themselves of political responsibility. For that, after all, is already a great deal. In a continent where racial tensions threaten to rise to breaking point, as they do in South Africa and Central Africa, and where White men and women have generally not read the lessons of the past and present with any understanding that they must change their ways, West Africa possesses already a revolutionary significance. Only next door, in French Africa, the waves of a new colonialism are now creeping past the concessions that were made on the morrow of the liberation of Europe in 1945. By contrast with these territories, Nigeria and the Gold Coast are happy places where people feel that the doors are open to a better future—and where, no matter with what reservations, people are justified in feeling this. It is an achievement in which the British people may entertain a proper pride and satisfaction.

Lagos, Nigeria. BASIL DAVIDSON

What Burton Brews Today

ONE fine day, 130 years ago, Mr. Samuel Allsopp woke to find that he and the other Burton brewers were faced with a crisis: prohibitive import duties on ale suddenly imposed by the Tsar had crippled their trade with Imperial Russia. It must have been a depressing morning, for it was on the basis of this trade, helped by the Trent Navigation Act of 1698 and the consequent opening-up of water transport between Gainsborough and Hull, that the town's export business flourished during the 18th century. Legatees of the monks of Burton Abbey, the pioneer commercial brewers of Burton—Benjamin Wilson, whose son became Allsopp's partner, William Bass, a Master Carter who decided to produce the goods he had been carrying, William Worthington, Henry Evans, and others—had already made the town a considerable brewing centre. Using the hard, gypsum-laden well water whose secret the monks discovered, and which still gives Burton beers their particular quality, these founders of still extant firms had built up a substantial export business which the Tsar's ukase shattered.

The crisis was surmounted. The ales which Burton had been exporting to the Baltic—catering, it is to be supposed, for the palates of Peter the Great and the Empress Catherine—had been strong, dark and sweet. The story goes that a friend suggested to Mr. Allsopp that he brew, for consumption in India, a lighter, paler ale, more suitable for a tropical climate. Impressed by the possibilities, Allsopp consulted not his head brewer (perhaps an ultra-conservative man), but his trusted maltster, Job Goodhead. Between them, it is said, they concocted a new malt, "mashed" it in a teapot and, after an infusion of hops, fermented the resulting wort into "East India Pale Ale." The sample was approved, the ale sold readily in India, other brewers quickly followed suit, and in 1827 the salvage from the cargo of a ship wrecked in the Irish Channel found an eager market in Liverpool; the I.P.A. of Burton became a famous brand in the history of 19th-century brewing.

Whether the details are factually accurate or not, the legendary incident of Job Goodhead and his teapot is interesting in that it illustrates the extent to which the production of beer is subject to chance and change, to variation in popular taste and demand. These are factors highly relevant to the problems and trends discernible in Burton to-day. The industry is not confronted with any such dramatic crisis as that which Samuel Allsopp had to solve in 1822, but from the Burton background three significant features emerge: the percentage of spendable income devoted to the purchase of beer has lately been tending to decline; there is a marked swing of demand away from draught towards bottled beer; and there is some evidence—though this is a controversial issue—that consumers are inclined increasingly to call for beer whose condition is not easily spoilable.

The inter-war period witnessed a slump in the consumption of beer which was an obvious reflection of unemployment and empty pockets: between 1920 and 1934, production, in bulk barrels, fell from 35m. to 20m. This was the nadir: on the eve of World War II, the increased pay packets resulting from rearmament and some general trade recovery had lifted beer consumption again by about 30 per cent. The rise was accelerated by the war itself. It took more thin wartime beer to mellow the drinker, and, with shortages in every shop, there was little else on which to spend loose cash. As late as 1946, consumption still topped the 32m. mark; but from 1948 onwards, notwithstanding continued full employment and rising nominal wages, a downward trend set in. Last year, consumption was the equivalent of only 25m. bulk barrels, and it seems unlikely that this output will be exceeded in 1952. Wages and salaries are still rising, but so is the cost of necessities; and there are more ways—TV and so forth—of spending marginal money. National expenditure on beer tends to stick around the figure of £500m. annually—a big sum, but a declining slice of national income.

The causes of the apparent switch of demand to bottled beer—now one-third at least of total consumption—are more complicated. In part they seem to lie in the proportionately bigger role played by the woman beer-drinker: contemporary Welfare State Man no longer invariably leaves his wife at home and goes off to the "boozer" alone; he takes his wife with him—even though he may segregate her in the Lounge while he joins the Boys at darts in the Public Bar—and she, if she drinks beer, drinks it bottled. But there is more to it than that. The really heavy work, which called—and still calls among miners, iron-puddlers and the like—for the lowering of pint on pint to make good "hard sweat," is yielding, over large areas of employment, to machine-minding, which strains nerves rather than muscles. The modern factory operative subconsciously feels in need of a slight narcotic rather than quarts of liquid bulk. That is, he demands, and finds apparently in bottled beer, something akin to the managerial cocktail as a restorative.

The third factor in operation opens up a controversy on which it is becoming that a non-expert visitor to Burton should embark with diffidence. According to one school of

thought, bottled beer achieves perfection of quality only if it be allowed to mature in bottles, thus enabling such fragments that remain of living yeast to do their ultimate beneficial work. To this the other school replies that "bottle-conditioning" can be replaced, without detriment to the beer, by "conditioning in bulk," followed by a meticulous filtering and pasteurising which ensures that the bottled beer shall remain in perfect condition, without the wastage represented by dregs, no matter how roughly the bottles are handled, how inexpertly or carelessly their contents are poured.

In this issue I feel no urge to play the part of Solomon. I recall with gratitude great ales which had been bottle-conditioned. There was, for instance, that brave beer under whose benign influence a cheerful company, *quorum pars parva fui*, night-marched nearly all the road from Wolvercot to Blenheim in the fond belief that they would reach Oxford if they kept the lights of London at their back. As I write, I have beside me—gifts from Bass's hospitable brewery, a bottle of the "King's Ale" for which Edward VII started the "mash" fifty years ago, and another (chronologically still more remarkable) of the ale brewed in 1869 to celebrate the birth of an heir in the Ratcliff family. Opened, their aroma will scent the room. And there was the Arctic Ale, brewed in 1851 by Allsops, to hearten Admiral Belcher and his men in their vain search for Franklin. But these are collector's pieces; and though I must leave the battle over the technical merits of "polished" and "natural" bottled beer to be weighed by those genial experts, the Chief Brewers of Burton, I hazard the view that, in an age of slapdash barmaids and beer-drinkers who shake their bottles about in the boot of a car, or carry their tipple in hikers' rucksacks, the future will lie increasingly with the foolproof variety.

Whether I'm right or wrong, Burton practice is being radically changed by brewers who have decided to stake heavily on this estimate of future tastes. In this penny-plain red-brick town, whose skyline is dominated by brewery chimneys, and whose streets are bewilderingly criss-crossed by railway lines on which toy engines pull freights of beer, the traditional processes of malting and brewing still largely survive. The kilned malt, cleaned and lightly crushed, still passes through its expertly controlled seven-days' cycle—first, seven hours in the hot-water "masher," from which the wort emerges as a sort of malt extract solution; next, about two hours' boiling, with hops added, in the huge coppers; then, via the "Hop-back" strainer, comes cooling through "Paraflows" and transit to the fermenting vessels where, after the Exciseman has taken his measurements, yeast is put to break down the malt sugars into alcohol and the CO_2 which gives the beer its "head." In Burton, the top-quality beers have their fermentation completed in a "Burton Union"—a double row of casks with "swan necks," through which the yeast is forced, leading up to a wooden "barm" trough, where the yeast settles into a top and bottom layer and the beer runs back to the casks. By the end of the sixth day fermentation is completed, and the beer is run off into "racking squares," where it settles, and thence into barrels, with a small quantity of "finings"—a solution of isinglass—added to help clear the colour. In the making of the barrels you can still see the old and honourable craft of cooperage—assisted nowadays by machines, but still needing a real craftsman's skill—in busy operation, though Persian oak must now make do for the famous Memel staves.

This, in essentials, is all there is to it if the beer leaves the brewery to be drunk on draught or bottled by the consignee. But at this point we arrive at Burton's New Era. Ind Coope and Allsopp, protagonists of the school which believes that the consumer of a "national" beer should be able to rely on getting it, so far as is humanly possible, always in perfect condition, rack their beer for bottling into glass-lined conditioning tanks. There the beer remains for 7-10 days at a temperature of 65 degrees, continually stirred by a rousing gear which encourages fermentation and gives the beer its appropriate volume of CO_2. Thence it passes, after chilling, through "polishing" filters, and is transported by road-tankers to a cold room in the huge bottling stores. These are a fantastic layout of semi-automatic machinery. Perched in an electric Control Room, one operator directs the flow of "empties" to the washing machines, whence the bottles pass in an endless stream through machines which fill and pasteurise them, cork and label them, and drop them finally into the cases (which have travelled to this point by a separate conveyor), with the Dispatching Stores as ultimate destination. Since several different kinds of beer are being bottled simultaneously in three sizes of bottle, the traffic on the diverging and converging conveyors is as complicated as that of Clapham Junction combined with a giant switchback; but, with the aid of the Controller and "automatic policemen" which start and stop movement at junctions, the chaos you expect is somehow miraculously avoided. In this huge hangar, clean and lofty, bottles and cases seem to have life of their own: the thin scattering of human beings is dwarfed, lonely and remote.

Such is the "new look" in Burton; and what Burton brews to-day it hopes all England will drink to-morrow. Not, of course, that Burton dominates the British brewing industry by sheer bulk; its output is only about one-tenth of the 25m.' barrel total. But Burton is a proud name in the history of brewing; and though the economy of the town has now been diversified by tyre factories, a foundry and an engineering works which has concentrated for seventy-five years on the making of roundabouts and caravans for fairs, Burton remains pre-eminently a beer town. Whether it ever "talked of liberty" is beyond my ken. What I do know is that its population drinks nothing but Pale Ale at 1s. 7d. a pint, 5d a pint more than the "mild" modestly consumed in Rolls-Royce's Derby, only ten miles away.

Burton-on-Trent. AYLMER VALLANCE

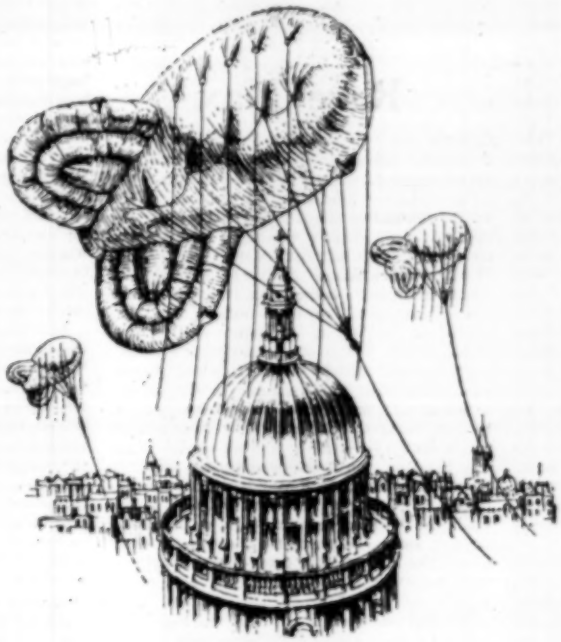
Italian Impressions

III. The Vatican's Politics

In the Vatican, one has to distinguish between two very different things—its world policy and its Italian policy. Far from hatching vast Machiavellian plans for world domination, the Vatican, in so far as it has a "world policy," is extremely cautious. Since there are no specifically Catholic Governments in France, Britain or the United States, there is mighty little direct influence it can exercise on them; and while the Pope is avowedly an uncompromising enemy of Communism, there is no evidence at all that His Holiness would welcome a Third World War. For one thing, Italy would be involved, and the prospect of moving the Vatican to Brooklyn does not commend itself to anybody. Although American Catholics contribute more than one-half the Pope's income, their influence is not, to all appearances, as great as some of them like to imagine. The visit to Rome in 1946 of Cardinal Spellman, when 50 newspaper men accompanied him, confident that they would be able to announce his nomination to the vacancy of the Pope's Secretary of State, turned out a comic fiasco. There was the story of the Cardinal's sister, with her 42 trunks, and the story of the stolen jewellery; and when, the other day, I asked a person very close to the Vatican whether Cardinal Spellman still had a chance of becoming Secretary of State, he replied hotly: "Over our dead bodies!" For the present, the Pope continues in effect to be his own Secretary of State, with only two Under-Secretaries, Mgr. Montini and Mgr. Tardini, to assist him (neither of them even a Cardinal); and there are already about 20 Cardinals' vacancies which the Pope is in no hurry to fill. This reluctance is attributed to the Pope's resistance to American pressure and to his determination to preserve as fully as possible the *italianità* of the Vatican. Every precaution will be taken to ensure that the next Pope—and Pius XII is 78—is also an Italian.

Furthermore, though this is a subject on which it is particularly difficult to be affirmative, the impression one has is that, in Italy, where, as distinct from Spain, few people are fanatical about anything, the Vatican's views on the family, children, mother-and-child care, the famous mother-or-child dilemma, and even birth-control are not considered to be as hard-and-fast as is widely supposed abroad. With the use of a little casuistry, many Italian Catholics—even those who take account of the Church's views in these matters—have been able to convince themselves that the "safe-period" rules of the Church imply the admission of the principle of birth-control and it is certain that, taking due account of poverty and bad housing, many priests in Italy, while not discouraging, are also not encouraging the production of large families. A good deal of latitude is given to priests: thus, while there are, especially in the South, some harsh opponents of the "Dr. Browne-of-Dublin" school of thought on maternal welfare, there are many Italian bishops who are staunch supporters of Dr. Browne. Regarding the "mother-or-child" dilemma, all people in Italy I have asked about it have assured me that it was "no problem at all," with Italian surgeons "asking the husband" as a matter of routine, but generally following, according to a kind of professional etiquette, the practice of saving the mother, and not the child. There may, of course, be exceptions to this practice, but I have not heard of any. Although birth-control is, in fact, an "unreal problem" amongst the very poor, who simply cannot afford the necessary contraptions, it is an interesting fact that, although the Italian population has been increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year, there were 50,000 fewer births last year, as compared with previous years; and there are many experts who believe in the gradual stabilisation of the population in Italy.

The real importance of the Vatican is in Italian home politics. But it is, in fact, only in the last year or so that it has come out openly in favour of the Extreme Right and, by implication, against De Gasperi's "liberal democracy." As one Social-Democrat put it, "the Vatican is scared stiff of Communism in Italy, and fear is a poor counsellor." Although, under De Gasperi, Italy has, notably as regards education, undergone a substantial process of clericalisation (Church schools being on the same footing as State schools), De Gasperi, anxious to avoid trouble, is considered not to have been sufficiently tough with the Extreme Left who, politically, continue to thrive. At the Vatican itself, there are two main tendencies, a reactionary and pro-Fascist tendency, represented by Mgr. Tardini, and the more "liberal" tendency of Mgr. Montini. In the last year the Pope has clearly lent support to the



HYDROGEN

SCHOOLBOYS know that two parts of hydrogen unite explosively with one of oxygen to form water. Hydrogen is produced commercially in vast quantities by reversing this process. Water, in the form of steam, is split up into its constituent elements by passing it over red-hot coke. The carbon in the coke unites with the oxygen in the steam to form carbon monoxide and dioxide. When these are removed from the mixture, hydrogen is left. Lightest of all the elements, hydrogen occurs in volcanic gases, but is rarely found free in nature. Combined with carbon, however, it is present in nearly all animal and vegetable tissues. The high proportion of hydrogen in ordinary coal gas is due to its release from the organic matter from which coal is formed. Industry uses hydrogen for many purposes. Some of the vegetable oils used in the manufacture of margarine require hardening by chemical combination with hydrogen. This is done before they are incorporated in the final blend of fats of which margarine is made. Hydrogen is used in welding and in extraction of metals. Thousands of tons are needed every month by I.C.I. for making synthetic fertilisers. It is used in the production of petrol from creosote oil and coal, for making industrial alcohols and as a constituent of urea, one of the most important raw materials in plastics manufacture. All these, as well as hydrogen itself, are produced at the Billingham works of I.C.I.

ICI

Tardini School, as is particularly apparent from the appointment to the head of the Catholic Action of Prof. Gedda, in place of the more "liberal" Sgr. Veronesi, who was "promoted" to the post of Secretary-General of the World Lay Apostolate, a somewhat academic international Catholic organisation. The official Vatican paper, the *Osservatore Romano* spoke indeed of Veronesi's "promotion"; but in Italy nobody was deceived by the change. The appointment by the Pope of Gedda to the leadership of the Catholic Action—the vast Catholic lay organisation, with its innumerable ramifications, organised on a principle singularly like that of the Communist cells—meant, in effect, that the Vatican had taken a sharp Right-hand turn in its attitude to Italian home affairs. Not only does the Catholic Action dispose of the bulk of the funds nominally contributed to the Demo-Christian Party but is also said to have large clandestine funds, most of them of American origin. The Catholic Action, under Gedda, is the political body designed to influence the electorate, both directly and through the Priests. Its aim is to strengthen the Right Wing of the Demo-Christians against De Gasperi and his "liberalism," and to encourage, as far as possible, Demo-Christian alliances with the extreme Right—the Monarchists and the Neo-Fascists—despite the latent anti-clericalism of both the Savoy Monarchy and the Fascist regime.

Against this line De Gasperi has been putting up a fairly stiff resistance, but has, nevertheless, not been strong enough, in view of Catholic Action pressure, to reject out of hand any negotiations with the Monarchists, in view of the impending municipal elections in the southern half of Italy (and a few places in the North) in May. He dismissed the Monarchist proposal for an anti-Communist bloc of "all democratic and national forces" as a contradiction in terms, while the Monarchists, for their part, led by Sgr. Lauro of Naples, virtually rejected two of De Gasperi's main conditions—that the Monarchists declare themselves loyal to the Republic, and that they break completely with the Neo-Fascists.

As a result, three *blocs* are likely to compete in the May election, on a rather complicated basis of *apparentements*; but the principle of *caso per caso* ("each case on its own merits") admitted by De Gasperi in his negotiations with the Monarchists leaves a loophole, it seems, for all kind of unholy local alliances. One thing which threw both the Right and the Government into a bit of a panic was the possibility of a Communist winning the Capitol and becoming Mayor of Rome! Even the Communists and Nennists are aware of the "terrifying" psychological effect of such a victory; so the candidate of the Extreme Left for the Capitol now is nobody more frightening than ex-Premier Nitti, Independent Senator, a sort of 80-year-old Italian "Bevanite," whose political views may be "queer" but whose respectability is beyond doubt. Even so, every attempt will be made, no doubt, on the *caso per caso* principle, to keep him out—even if it means putting a near-Fascist in his place.

The municipal elections may give a wrong idea of the state of mind in Italy as a whole; but the expected rise of the Monarchists and Neo-Fascists (who only got about half a million votes each in 1948) will be important as a pointer. As things are at present, the Demo-Christians are expected in next year's general election to drop from 12 million to under 9 million votes, and no longer to command a majority. Will they join forces with the Fascists and Monarchists? Will they rely on toleration by the Left, particularly the Nenni Group? Or will they split? If they do, the majority are likely to go with the Right, not with the Left, though Nenni does not seem to think this quite inevitable. But, in any case, subject to the international situation, what is now virtually a two-party system is likely to end next year.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Rare Max

APRIL's out. Cherry and football are going, cricket and may come in. The first jet-liner has left for South Africa, and butterflies disport themselves. Murder limelights the placard. There will be thunderstorms with bright intervals. The Royal Academy, with a viewing, a banquet, preserves the platitudes. And Max is here. Who? Miller? Schemelling? Factor? Beaverbrook? Leicester Square's corners don't answer to him—never answered to him—nor he to them. Yet there he is, in, or rather off, one of them. Don't, in this of all London squares the most cornered, mistake which. It would be quite easy to be lured to Thurston's, or the convent school of N.D. de la France; five cinemas, a dozen bars and lounges, the Queen's Hotel balcony, from which once Chesterton's nihilists roared bombs over breakfast, the Shakespeare garden posted by Newton and Hogarth, Reynolds and Hunter, the dental hospital, the restaurant oriental in two kinds, the theatrical costumier—ah, we are getting warmer, and this must be the doorway, which no doubt, like me, you have many times passed with the glance for a coolness within, of Cézanne apples or rosy-fingered shrimps or trigonometrical moon visits. "'Max' in Retrospect, at the Leicester Galleries." Seven pale portraits in the doorway announce it; one is familiar, a seedy, weepy, wispy old coathanger who thinks himself Don Juan—George Moore, surely. Encouraged—for, prosody apart, one couldn't quite look, or be, such an ass as that—I enter. This will be, I anticipate, my bright interval.

A little lost world introduces itself to the sidling onlooker, picture by picture. "The King and Queen spent, as usual, a quiet, homely Christmas—*Daily Newspaper*." Date 1909. But is it needed? The two dolefully apart figures on the settee, mum forever, are Edward and Alexandra. Is *that* the Prince of Gaiety-goers, the Peace-maker? An alien, vulturine glare is nailed home in other impressions of His Most Gracious Majesty. He alights on deck, cumbrously sportive, to greet the officers of his Navy, also "with his usual forethought, permitted to appear in 'No. 3 uniform,' which consists of frockcoats, and caps"; and earlier at Windsor, he has been put, back to us, in a corner by the old Vic. herself, seated at table, a doldrum incarnate. The positive hatred of these reflections (his Kaiser hardly at all rankles) may startle a little in one whose satire almost lacks indignation.

"You, gentlemen—" he seems to address us—"(and a very few ladies), carry yourselves as—shall we say?—the choicest of cigarettes; the public has seen you, through the window, in your neat white rows. Light up, that I, like Jove scenting sacrifice, may catch your smoke patterns as they drift to heaven." Yes, one sees why he so resents Edward. No aroma, no delight, or twineable shape. From almost every other subject an emanation has floated up to settle at last on paper.

In this spirit realm, as heavenly in its way as Blake's and more permeable, subjects are no longer themselves but ideal misconceptions, projected to infinity. Sir Oliver Lodge, benignly stooped, actually inhabits the palest of pale blue skies, and the cigarette in his hand has engendered a cloud; Belloc angrily semaphores from the nursery floor, a full-grown, bullet-headed babe; and though grounded, his is a heavenly shape. So too, asparkle in tails, with a cane, and dowager fingers puddling the air, is Wilde. (Not "poor Oscar.") So are Frank Harris, the miniature, moustached strong-man, and Lytton Strachey in various stages of Assyrian elongation. Rodin propels himself into society waist-high like some huge-handed legless mendicant. Shaw is a schoolboy, surprising one who revisits England after long absence, to find that "the dear fellow has not moved": he stands on his head, making short trousers even shorter, bony wrists bonier. James—Mr. Henry James—is followed through a whole series of predicaments; and now in America replies, convolutedly in thought, to the acclaim of tycoons, backwoodsmen and Negroes that he is—ever so indigenously!—one of them; now in a London fog, discovering his own hand, he begins to grope with amazement in the far thicker fog of words.

And Max himself strolls in and out of these sky-walks and cloud-mansions he has projected. He faces across a café table, behind *The Times*, Enoch Soames (not yet, I think, sold to the Devil); he lounges at home and asks himself whether really he is the impeccable, inimitable, fanciful, etc.; we are even given a glimpse of the young man sounding an elderly knight about knighthoods. The eyes contain a sad dazzle (afternoon at the club?); the little moustaches take wing; the toes point, the cigarette fingers dispose their linear dream; pin-stripe and hair-divide, cuffs and courtesy impart a spruceness to wonder. He will listen, he will tell everything to a big brother. His is the perpetual triumph of innocence over experience: good manners and better art only make the victory more surprising. If ever, in our perambulation round these one hundred and fifty visions of—what should I call it?—other-worldly fashion, we find ourselves fidgetting under the spell and planning to discomfit its author, it is easy enough to conjure up the anti-Max situation. Suppose, not Enoch Soames but Strindberg leaning forward over the café table; an invitation to speak the funeral words over Dostoevsky; a moment in Provence when, leaning out of his carriage, he says to Van Gogh: "I can't bear to see people walking in the country; let me give you a lift." But in fact, Max's world is so harmonious and self-complete that, the remoter it seems, the less impatience will find in it cracks to prise apart.

For my attendance I had chosen the press afternoon, knowing well that the press would be engaged otherwise. So they were. Half a dozen of us, without too often crossing one another's tracks, could amble at will, pause here, recede there, and even zigzag or go backwards if we pleased. Nothing between us and our exaltation: nothing except a Voice, a pink, plump connoisseurish Voice, addressing to a deaf taximan at the other end of the square its *fascinating*'s, its anecdotage of Sickert and Steer. Such a presence, I imagine, frequently intrudes on art galleries where there is a lull in the conversation. After a while it almost ceased to annoy. Not indeed that it stopped; nothing, I imagine, could have brought that about. Its remarks took their place on the walls of some third room, ex-catalogue, as the inscriptions under plump, pink, convoluted forms.

It—the Voice—had mooed its congratulations to No. 119, "Mr. Whistler Giving Evidence in the Case of Pennell v. *The Saturday Review* and Another (1926)"; and Whistler, a superbly alert, elegant, black fiend, had diamonded back. The picture even gained by it. I was sitting in the middle of the room at the time and saw Whistler's lips move. What he said, very briefly, must of course remain unheard, in delicate contrast to his addresser. It seemed to touch up the whole row

of faces along that west wall. And how wonderfully they are here assembled: Sickert, in a mood of brigandage, "explaining away" the Piazza San Marco; devilish Whistler; James discovering his hand in the fog; a curiously marked insect, with knickerbocker body, extruded eyes, and obscene jaw—Kipling; while somewhere down below, in the throes of pure intellectual lust, dances Roger Fry. Only Hardy catches no spark: this fleshy-beaked, sinister concentration under a threatening heaven is not his. Innocence doesn't perhaps attract innocence. I think that, for Max, whatever else, there must be the dandyish appeal; or its absence must start outrageous fun. His dandies (Colonel Brabazon, for example) rival in line if not in adulation Constantin Guys. Even his politicians divulge a wild grace. Could a party leader in a crisis more cleanly, more beautifully, divide himself into two than the Campbell and Bannerman of No. 15?

One closes one's visit with a final attention to "The Meeting of Signor D'Annunzio and M. Rostand"—a case of the snuff-box calling the tie-pin gold, and perhaps the most extravagantly satisfying of all the pictures here; Henry James or George Moore one follows round once again; one spots something missed, a fish, say, with a flag (Henry Newbold); one recoils from Edward, nods to many-headed Homer, going his rounds with a dog and a tin tray; one hears the Voice coming nearer. . . . One! Myself I have quite lost, and I creep away not knowing whether I've something of Max in me or more of his dowdiest victim. Rare Max: and rare in all senses, as I discover by going into a number of bookshops where it's quite impossible to pick up the least example of his delicately ornate prose.

G. W. Stonier

In Praise of Idleness

We accept too meekly the American-led chorus of foreign critics who aver that the British working man is lazy and, mysterious crime, drinks tea. I daresay it is true that we are lazy and feckless: I know for a fact that the tractor drivers and farm-workers in our neighbourhood seldom work more than a fourteen-hour day and sometimes take Sunday off; they loaf through the other ten hours, either in bed, or partaking of meals accompanied, no doubt, by tea. But it is a mistake to be ashamed of this: we require the courage of our convictions. We pretend to believe that culture is a good, that it depends upon increased leisure, and that, therefore, we aim to shorten the working hours of our people. Yet the moment an American employer of labour sneers at our dislike of work, in order, no doubt, to enable his own foolishly industrious wage-slaves to bask in the warmth of his paternal approval, we feel ashamed of ourselves.

The notion that work is meritorious is of Puritan origin. It belongs to that middle-class which, having none of the virtues of blue blood, romantic courage or wit, was forced to fall back on mere industry to forward its interests. Hence its influence in our own North and Midlands, and in the United States. The amusing, the brilliant, the creative peoples, the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., the Tudor English, the 17th century French, were a lot of pub-crawling loafers with noses perfectly innocent of the touch of the grindstone. Application to work, on the other hand, was to be found among such peoples of indifferent genius as the drearily industrious Romans and Carthaginians.

Presumably the Puritan protestants worked hard not only because they were ambitious but on religious grounds: when Man, in Adam's

To the mechanically minded, 1895 was an exciting year. In spite of stringent Highways Acts, people were driving the first few horseless carriages on the public roads—frequently without the man with a red flag who should have preceded them and exceeding the speed limit of 4 m.p.h. British engineers were building their first cars; a new industry had been founded. And that same year the foundations of another great enterprise had been laid. At Tovil, Albert E. Reed had begun to make super-calendered newsprint at his first paper mill acquired the previous year. Successfully reviving other mills, he was soon to be known as "the Wizard of the South" and to build up an unrivalled reputation as a manufacturer of super-calendered printing papers, including newsprint. From this beginning, not sixty years ago, has grown the vast paper-making enterprise of the Reed Paper Group, producing today an ever-increasing tonnage of British newsprint and the largest output of Kraft paper in the whole of Europe.

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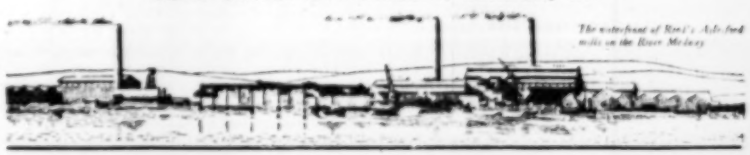
The waterfront at Reed's Aylesford mills on the River Medway

person, was cast out of Eden, he was cursed by God to get his bread in the sweat of his face. I repeat, cursed. Work, therefore, is a curse, not a blessing, and the blessed condition is idleness, or rather the congenial paradise pastimes of hunting, food-gathering and the arts: the Golden Age was the Palæolithic. To regard work as desirable or admirable is unquestionably blasphemous, and the early Puritans were, accordingly, a sober, sour-faced crew who accepted the curse as such, working in the full consciousness that they were suffering, not enjoying. It can also be argued that to rejoice in idleness is to defy Heaven; but a posture of defiance is proper to the scientific rational humanist, that is, the man of the Left.

It may be that our present uncomfortable situation calls for hard work. But when we are criticised by Americans or—for that matter—Russians, who are agreed about our laziness if about nothing else, we need not take the attitude of a man guilty of a crime. It would, of course, be much more profitable for capitalist employers or Communist commissars if the workers really enjoyed wasting their lives at the conveyor belt. But since this is not the case, it is worth our while to remember that even religion calls work accursed, that there is no virtue in it as such, and that if we really must increase production in order to keep the U.N. in bombs, because the Russians are increasing production to keep the Soviet world in bombs, because the West is increasing production to keep the U.N. in bombs . . . at least, while we sip our tea, let us bear in mind that this is not virtue, not a blessing, but merely malign misfortune. EDWARD HYAMS

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

EVERY year about 10,000 works are submitted for the Summer Show, and of these about 1,500 are exhibited. In 1950 approximately 181,000 people visited the exhibition and works to the value of £21,000 were sold. By contrast, the London Group, which for all its faults is still the most lively, annual mixed show, is attended by between one and two thousand people and may sell £800 worth of work. Behind these comparative figures lies the fact of middle-class taste. One is reminded of the genuine, widespread belief that to become an R.A. is still the greatest honour you can wish a painter; of the conviction that if you go round Burlington House marking your favourites with a cross in the catalogue, and afterwards compare choices of velvets, brocades and complexions, you have done your duty to the visual arts and had all the pleasure you can possibly expect from them. Or one recalls the hopes and disappointments of hundreds of amateurs, who, if "hung," will for ever after be the undisputed leaders of local art societies.

Yet the figures I quote also indicate the only sensible way to approach the Academy. It is a successful, popular market. The variety, the busy overcrowding, the way that the most immediately attractive goods are displayed in front (hung on the line), the credulous curiosity of the public, the seductive visual tricks which really serve as a sort of patter—these are, in essence, the ingredients of Petticoat Lane. Consequently, it is absurd to discuss the policy of the Academy as if it were a purely polemical problem. Its policy and character finally depend on public demand. The Academy can never be used as an instrument for changing public taste; it will only reflect the change when it has occurred. The fact that of the 64 artists included by Herbert Read in his recent book on Contemporary British Art, only 13 are represented in this Summer Show, is not the result of some sinister plot and counter plot. It is simply that the other 51 artists have stalls elsewhere.

And so it seems to me that the duty of the critic at the Academy is to act as a sort of shopping guide: to pick out the bargains rather than generalise about finally insignificant changes of emphasis in the show as a whole. But first, a word of warning: three-quarters of the works on show are worthless. This is not a question of being progressive or reactionary, or siding with Picasso or Munnings. It is a question of distinguishing between comparatively safe and obviously bad investments. Three-quarters of the works deceive like smart furniture: they are slick but ill-made. The superficial prettiness of a landscape, the charm of an anecdote, the pomp of ceremonial clothes, the neat pinkness of well-washed flesh—these are like faked graining, distracting attention from inefficient design, and weak, merely nailed-together joints. Ironically, it is the durable academic virtues of sound drawing, tasteful colour and regular composition which the majority of the works lack. I recommend the reader to go first to Galleries 8, 10 and 11, not because they happen to contain the work of the younger and more adventurous associates and outsiders, but simply because some of the paintings possess these virtues and so may outlive the vicissitudes of sentimental fashion or the temporary importance of the sitters.

In particular, I recommend in these galleries a portrait by John Flavin, a nude by Peter Midgely, the Studio Cleaner by Julia Morley, Judith by Richard Platt, some street scenes by Robert Blayney, and (in Gallery 5) A Head of an Old Woman by Derek Stafford; these, all by students, share the quality I tried to describe when discussing The Young Contemporaries—a raw, awkward but proficient sympathy with the commonplace. Also, there are Robert Buhler's two best portraits (Francis Bacon and John Davenport—although in the latter the right foot is weak), an urban landscape by the same artist, and a large painting of armed Arabs on camels by William Roberts. Roberts is a seldom-seen and badly underestimated painter and personally one of my reasons for going to the Academy every year is to see the new painting he regularly sends in. The present one is perhaps slightly incoherent in its total design, but there are exciting passages in which the locomotion (rather than the movement) of the forms, the aggressive perspective of the heads of the camels and feet of the riders, the uncompromising colours—like those of painted wooden toys—are bluntly worked and dovetailed together to create images of unmysterious strength; the kind of strength one enjoys in the shaft and handle of a well-made shovel.

In the other galleries, the bargains are a study of a goat by Philip Connard, a silent street scene in Nottingdale by Algernon Newton, a good portrait of Lord Halifax by Lawrence Gowing, and a portrait of a girl (No. 118) by Rodrigo Moynihan. My own final choice, however, would be an extraordinary, slanting head of a man called Ernie by Ruskin Spear. JOHN BERGER

AS YOU LIKE IT

THE Stratford *As You Like It* was one of those occasions where the reception seemed so enthusiastic that a critical voice sounds almost curmudgeonly. And the critic may even wonder whether his own coolness is not prompted by personal prejudice instead (as he naturally prefers to think) of by his being quicker to notice fallings-off than the general public, who, having paid to enjoy themselves, are naturally less exacting. In any case, it may be of interest to grant that this production pleased enormously and then turn to look at some of the reasons why it left me, for one, less than satisfied.

In the first place it seemed to confirm an uneasy feeling I have had about Stratford this season. In the last four years Mr. Anthony Quayle, the Director, has pushed the reputation of Stratford to the very top. This was not because (as some bitter-minded people suggested) Stratford suddenly became fashionable. Rather, it was the other way round. If it became fashionable, that was because it started to provide us with the excitement and vitality which comes from enthusiasts tackling problems in a fresh way. The Memorial Theatre used to be a problem theatre in a variety of senses. Mr. Quayle, and those around him, by their skill and drive, succeeded in turning most of those problems into advantages. But any new venture of this kind has its difficult stages. The first wave of enthusiasm carries the citadel. But how is the standard and freshness to be kept up after that? The Stratford recipe—luxurious décor, large-scale production in the Guthrie tradition and star actors for the main roles—remains unchanged. But isn't there a danger of this becoming a formula?

Then consider the whole question of this luxurious décor. Isn't there a danger of formula creeping in there too? Aren't our designers, one and all, in danger of pursuing decoration for its own sake at the expense, very often, of the play? The designers' formula is to choose a historical style or period which has not been used before and which gives them the opportunity of showing off their talents. Motley, who have mounted *As You Like It*, have, for instance, chosen as their period Louis XIII, which gives them the chance of sumptuous costumes and a hint of tapestry for the sets. And the result? Well, audiences who are now thoroughly accustomed to this kind of thing will doubtless think it very pretty. It is decoration on the safe side of good taste. But does it help—and this presumably is the object of décor—to evoke the mood of the play? Hardly, I think. For instance, one value in *As You Like It* is the contrast between the wickedness of life at Court and the idealised Pastoral of the Outlaws. The décor, instead of pointing this contrast, smudges it; for a stretch of sickly green moss on the fore-

stage is a permanent feature and thus even the court scenes seemed to take place out of doors. Nor do the bare tree-trunks and tame stylisations of the forest scenes succeed in carrying us into Shakespeare's Arcadian Arden; while the central palm tree, transplanted apparently from the front at Torquay, is an absurd piece of textual literalism, and the drop curtain a nursery frieze better suited for some semi-advanced manufacturer of wallpaper.

Then, one is tempted to wonder whether the producer has succeeded in conveying to us his vision of the play as a whole. You may be sure that, being Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, he has one. But it seems to me to be lost in the mass of goings-on. And isn't this the price paid for the largeness of scale which is part of the Stratford formula? The outline is submerged in a mass of detail, and this detail is of very varied quality. If urban nostalgia for the pastoral life is one of the notes of the comedy, should all the country people be such very conventional comedy rustics? Certainly Touchstone should be a link with the Court to which he irredeemably belongs; and yet this Touchstone looked as if he had been born with a straw in his mouth. And is it only personal prejudice which fails to find funny a Sir Oliver Martext falling backwards into a stream or urchin pages shooting catapults at Touchstone's backside?

Even so, the comedy acting seemed to me to be on the lowest level—the level of charades in the home, where we take well-defined characters and "do" them. I'll "do" an old man, you "do" a bargaining Jew, you "do" a gangster, and there are conventionalised gestures and inflections for each of them. All the small parts seemed to be "done" rather than acted, and this, which is better called impersonation, needs to be in the hands of a Guinness or an Ustinov before it is enjoyable.

One could, it is true, make a counter-list of good things in the production which might be as long as my list of objections to it. I should head my counter-list with the production of the avowal of love scene in the last act ("Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't'is to love"). Here producer and actors caught for a spell the romantic style in which the whole play should breathe. Miss Margaret Leighton does not strike me as a natural comic actress—her comedy does not spring from a seemingly inexhaustible well of gaiety and spirits. But she had obviously worked hard and cleverly with her part and deserved her success. This counter-list might be greatly extended and figuring as a large item in it might be the "House Full" notices extending a long way through this season. But that, of course, is the fruit of the last four years; and if I were Mr. Quayle I should still be a little worried about the year after next.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Los Olvidados," "From Renoir to Picasso" and "Muscle Beach," at the Academy
"Springtime in Italy," at the Rialto
"High Noon," at the Odeon

To continue with the great glut. (Executive wires are buzzing: Too many good films. Dilute. Infiltrate. Buy them out. Dangerous. Standards may be rising.) *Los Olvidados* breaks the twenty-years' silence of Luis Bunuel, a surrealist of the early Thirties. His *Chien Andalou*, linked (like *Cav.* and *Pag.*) with *The Seashell and the Clergyman*, still shocks, mystifies, and one hopes delights film society audiences. This new film marks the emergence into realism. "Emergence," however, is far too weak a word; it irrupts, blasts, sears, annihilates. The realism of *Los Olvidados* satisfies two longings rarely, if ever, accommodated in the cinema: one is the recurrent mood (helped by the times) of the ugliest truth being the only truth; the other, particular to films, is the desire to see that unwise old adage, "The camera cannot lie," given a face-value. *Los Olvidados* meets both desiderations. It looks for and finds a lowest common multiple of horror and suffering; it impresses its detail unquestionably. In this case there is no need for the assurance that characters and events have come out of the police file. We have only—appalled, timid, thrilled, admiring—to watch and listen. The cinematographic skill is as compelling as the wish to *emmerder* is implacable.

Mexico City, then, and its street children's gangs. What are dead-end kids to these? They stone the blind, they assault and rob cripples, they murder one another, their future is the reformatory or the gallows. Lawlessness follows lovelessness: the cause is plain. Bunuel, however, is less excited by causes than by atrocious fact. *Los Olvidados* is a cruel film, beside which *Greed* must seem amiability itself, but maintaining, as it were, the integrity of its cruelty. It shocks, not for pleasure, but for pain. There have been few sequences on the screen more painful than the attempted robbery and baiting of the blind singer; yet he, the victim, is hardly less callous than his attackers, and afterwards we see him trying to seduce a little girl. Our pity, continually looking for channels, is dammed up at every turn, with the result that even our leave-taking is restrained. The fourteen-year-old hero suffers a miserable end, being murdered and then tipped down a dump at night, chiefly, I suspect, to stem the possibility of warm feelings. Perhaps Bunuel—like Flaubert at the end of *Madame Bovary*—has too consciously contrived his architecture of horror; or perhaps—and the two seem to go together—he lacks normal sympathies and can feel only in excess. What is unquestionable is that, given the subject and the treatment, he has made an almost faultless film. His actors are taken from life, and so too, I imagine, are most of the settings. *The Childhood of Gorky* is perhaps the film to compare, or rather to contrast, it with. Donskoi has all the advantages of heart and breadth, for him life flows continually; Bunuel concentrates everything to a rigidity that pierces. To see *Los Olvidados* is an experience; and once is enough.

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From Renoir to Picasso is the second film made by Paul Haeserts to be seen in London. (The first was that most illuminating interview with Picasso.) I know nothing about M. Haeserts except that he is an excellent critic whose talent is to interpret painting by means of moving pictures. He should be subsidised by the world's art galleries. Now he has taken three painters, Renoir, Seurat, and Picasso, as the modern examples of three styles in painting, the sensual, the intellectual, the emotional. Within a quarter of an hour or so he has explored the works of these artists in detail, discovered old affinities, and pointed the contrasts, sometimes making use of the screen as a triptych. One thing, of course, the film lacks—colour: music must take its place, and this, though agreeable enough, does not differentiate. The other short piece in the Academy programme. *Muscle Beach*, is a gay young American screen ballad, with more bounce and less poetry than the films of James Broughton which I reviewed recently.

Both Renato Castellani's *Springtime in Italy* and Fred Zinnemann's *High Noon* merit more space than I can give them. The first is a lively, careless, tall, and to me delightful story of irresistible bigamy; and the second remarkably winds up the tension of a deserted sheriff, Gary Cooper, whose deadliest enemy will arrive on the noon train. He arrives. They shoot it out. Now if, for once, they *hadn't* shot it out . . . .

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE effect of the feature programme *Portrait of an Airman*—a kind of *Quest for Saint-Exupéry*—was that with all its intensity and enthusiasm it somehow lessened its subject; perhaps by satisfying too easy a level of curiosity; but more likely by being uncertain what it really desired to do. The weakness was not necessarily in the *form* of the broadcast, which was, in fact, fairly straightforward: a tracking down of Saint-Exupéry the man by means of interviews with people who had known him—relatives, co-flyers, his wife, a psychologist and others; nor was it the fault of the actors who took these parts. The airmen's contributions, and the few original passages from the books that were quoted, did in fact, give the programme an occasional sudden sharpness and distinction. But the assembling of the material did not show the hard quality of *selection* that is so striking a feature of Saint-Exupéry's own writing; and so it seemed that the interviewing narrator brought with him, wherever he alighted on his rather breathless journey, a wave of banality. The "Antoine" or "Tonio" of these reminiscences, "lovable," "boyish," theatrical in his marriage, a player of practical jokes, interested in "magic"—facts given at their face value—hardly relates at all to the profound, austere, mysterious writer of *Night Flight* and *Sand, Wind and Stars*. What the compilers apparently tried to do was to explain away the mystery and at the same time preserve it, by stating continually that it was there. What they did show was that the airman, for all the personal history and oddities that distinguish one man from the next, does not, away from the air, really exist at all. This is in itself a subject, but it was not exactly the story that the authors intended to tell.

Titty, another dramatised portrait from Harold Nicolson's autobiographical gallery of eccentrics, had frankly nothing to do with mystery but plenty with manner; for it deals, not unexpectedly, with life in the diplomatic service, and with a single misfit, Titty, in its bland assembly. Manner was not the problem, however, but the triumph of this brilliant sketch; in fact, the high finish of the acting and production make one search, not at all successfully, for words that suggest on paper immediate applause. Like a good illustration, the broadcast added, even to the quality of the written story. The two main actors could hardly have been surpassed; Frank Duncan as Titty, absurdly laughing in his flight from any tentatively offered opinion; Norman Shelley, suave as Mr. Nicolson the diplomat. I have not mentioned the script which held all this together. The most interesting point about it is that, turning later to Mr. Nicolson the writer's *Some People*, from which it comes, I see that hardly a line has been altered or omitted from that elegant original.

The unpredictable Monday night play on the Home Service, which assumes in its listeners the most catholic range of taste, turned out last week to be a satirical and clever little farce (*We Must Kill Toni*) about an heiress—more Wilde than James—who, as well as riches and charm, has enough wit not to be murdered by her cousins in their joint, ancestral, House-of-Usher-like home. Written by Ian Stuart Black, produced by Peter Watts, it was very neatly acted by a cast which included Denise Bryer, Denis Arundell, Richard Hurndall, Noel Howlett, among others.

The quality of the talks given by the B.B.C.'s official roving travellers is high; among these speakers, Julian Duguid, who has so far given the first two of five talks about his recent South African journey, seems to me both characteristic and outstanding. It is not only because of his sad, detached, persuasive voice, his finely turned phrases, and the justice of his observations. But he also seems to have what is unusual in the travelling reporter, or the reporting traveller—the perspective of leisure; the power of seeming to remain still, for any length of time, inside a moving scene.

NAOMI LEWIS

Goldmark's Country Wedding Symphony

Sir Thomas Beecham came back to the Festival Hall from America last week and, jettisoning the great serious masterpieces, pulled out of the hat some of those not-so-great works that can be just as satisfying if one is in the right mood. Sir Thomas's favourite hat-trick is to play second-rate music and to convince his hearers, perhaps himself too, that it is first-rate. His prey last week was Goldmark's *Ländliche Hochzeit* and, while it may not be Brahms or Bruckner, it can surely claim to be called a neglected masterpiece (though whereas such pieces are apt to qualify for the initial adverb "justly," Goldmark's really deserves to be popular). The first movement, called "Wedding March," is a set of variations on a portly and respectable theme that might have done Meyerbeer or the early Wagner credit; the tune is subjected to charmingly pictorial transformations, whereby the local huntsmen, giggling bridesmaids, solemn priest and eye-dabbing female relatives are conjured for us as close-ups in the panorama of the wedding procession (is there an apprehensive bridegroom, too, or was that my imagination?). The Andante, "In the garden," is the loveliest movement of all, with its haunting Schumannesque tune unusually starting on a supertonic seventh, and returning in the finale with happiest results. Such a work, an early but quite ungrandiose augury of Mahler, needs the brilliant, tender performance that Beecham and the R.P.O. know how to give; Goldmark's scoring, by way of exchange, makes a telling showpiece for a virtuoso orchestra—the variations repay virtuoso execution—so that composer and orchestra were able to enhance one another's prestige.

W. S. M.

"Desire Shall Fail," at the New Boltons

Alan Turpin's melodrama, originally produced some time ago and now re-written, has a strangely compelling quality. A spinster, genteel, in her fifties, working as a medical dispenser, meets a fuddled, common little man named Cyril in Regent's Park. He is back from abroad, he knows nobody, will she have dinner with him? The weeks pass, they fall in love and Miss Mayhew begins to look forward to a new life as a married woman. But Cyril has made another friend in London—a predatory grass-widow named Violet. Sacred and profane love begin a death duel. Mr. Turpin manages his plot skilfully and brings his play to a fine climax at the end of Act Two, though he allows it to whimper away in a weak epilogue. *Desire Shall Fail* gains most of its strength from one piece of acting: it almost loses its balance through another. Edith Sharpe, as Dora Mayhew, is magnificent. Why, one kept wondering the other night, has this fine artist not received the full recognition she deserves? Her's is a beautiful, genuine and entirely moving performance. Every line, every gesture, tells perfectly. "Are you a Londoner, Miss Mayhew?" leers Violet across the tea-table. "No, I come from Ipswich." Behind the crisp reply lies the whole background of Dora's life—the submerged, upper middle-class home, the brittle resignation, the years of boredom and loneliness in the kind of bed-sitting rooms that are never really one's own. We watch her happiness vanishing with Violet's heaped plate of sandwiches. As Violet, Rosalinde Fuller is almost as bizarre as Miss Sharpe is true to life. She brings to the part a great deal of Gingold bravura, and a trick of licking her lips which, while obviously meant to suggest feline malice and hatred, has become an apparently fixed nervous habit long before the end of the evening. The Boltons, Old and New, has always done a big line in conventionally eccentric villainesses. This is the latest and by no means the least of them. The play includes fine performances by Mary Grew, Morris Sweeden and Alan Wheatley. Basil Ashmore's production is sensitive and his settings excellent.

J. N. B. R.

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Correspondence

POLITICAL ASSASSINATION

SIR,—I have heard with serious concern that the British authorities in Malaya are offering increased rewards, amounting to many thousands of pounds, for the capture or killing of the Secretary, members of the Politburo and various Committees of the Communist Party. I have always been brought up to regard assassination with dislike as wicked, and I was glad that when it was frequent on the Continent in past centuries it was regarded here as un-British. I am sorry that it is no longer considered an un-British way of getting rid of an enemy.

Cumbo, Morpeth. CHARLES TREVELYAN

IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—Austen Albu dismisses the suggestion that the arms programme should be cut by £250 million with the assurance that "this seems to most of us quite impracticable." But what are Mr. Albu's standards of practicability? Last year, for example, as he himself points out, he was giving his support to the Labour Government's full-scale Defence programme. Now, however, he discovers that "Clem Attlee's conditions . . . have not been fulfilled and as a result the Government have proposed a reduction . . . which amounts to about one-third over the first two years. It is this reduced programme which we continue to support." In other words, he is now supporting an arms reduction which, a year ago, he would probably have rejected, if suggested, say, by Mr. Crossman, either as a concession to "the pacifists" or, simply, as "quite impracticable."

One can understand how Labour Ministers, after six years of office, with all the cares of cold war diplomacy and of a tiny Parliamentary majority, allowed themselves to be too easily reassured about the economics of unrestrained armament. What is remarkable is that a back-bench economist, like Mr. Albu, did not speak out against a vast arms increase, as he certainly would have done—with all the professional authority at his command—against any equivalent, unrestrained increase in housing or civilian consumption. One can imagine him explaining to us how a scheme for 500,000 houses would inevitably produce less finished houses than a sane plan for half that number.

It may have been better for the Labour Party if Mr. Albu, and those who think like him, instead of waiting for the opinion of Mr. Churchill's Government, had been sufficiently independent to see last summer that Mr. Attlee's conditions for full-scale rearmament were already a dead letter. It would certainly be better for the country, now, if they had helped to level our financial policy at an attainable economic target instead of a military mirage. This is not an idle reopening of old wounds. It has a moral for to-day. The tragedy of 1951 was that, in launching a cold war economy, the Labour Government left less to planning and more to mere optimism and chance than it would in peacetime.

In the meantime, it is rather absurd for Mr. Albu to ask, of the Bevanite heresy, "has it produced a single new thought?" He may remember that the reviewers were amused to find that *One Way Only* was mostly about the development of the colonies and other backward areas. In origin this idea is hardly a Bevanite invention; but it is due to Bevanism that it has sunk far deeper into the consciousness of the Labour rank and file than, say, Mr. Albu's own restatement of the old Liberal Party prescription for refreshing private industry with co-partnership.

4 Napier Road, W.14. ROBERT PITMAN

SIR,—A question of great theoretical and practical importance is raised by "S," of Geneva—the question of the "parliamentary revolutionary" and his "Marxist pedigree."

I have just re-read Engels' introduction to Marx's *The Class Struggle in France, 1848-50*, which is reprinted *in full* (previous versions having been bowdlerised) in *Selected Works of Marx and Engels* (Moscow, 1949; Laurence and Wishart, London, 1950). I am not left with the impression that Engels was a forerunner of Aneurin Bevan. Engels certainly calls the weapon of universal suffrage "a new weapon and one of the sharpest." On the other hand, he makes it clear that "the right to revolution" remains "the only *really* 'historical' right," which is not to be renounced. What he was against was "a simple surprise attack," as attempted in 1848.

Looking back now on Engels' confident expectations of an early victory for Socialism in Germany as a result of the great increase in the voting strength of the Social Democratic Party, we can see that he underestimated the corruption of the greater part of the leadership of that Party. But Engels was not a "reformist." He thought of the social forces behind the Social Democratic Party as "the most numerous, most compact mass, the decisive 'shock force' of the international proletarian army." And when Liebknecht published in *Vorwarts* extracts from the introduction to bolster up "the tactics of peace at all costs and of the abhorrence of force," Engels protested vigorously against "this disgraceful impression" (letter to Kautsky, April 1, 1895).

The British Communist Party is working for the return of a People's Government as the result of an electoral victory for a popular alliance based on a united labour movement (see *The British Road to Socialism*). The British C.P. speaks also of transforming Parliament into a People's Parliament. All this, however, not only does not exclude but presupposes the *extra-Parliamentary* organisation and mobilisation of the British people, especially the workers at their places of work.

Marxists cannot be "parliamentary revolutionaries" in the sense that they place all their reliance on the ballot-box and Parliament.

Edinburgh, 9. OSMOND ROBB

NAPALM BOMBS

SIR,—The objection to the napalm bomb by the Archbishop of York, which was commented upon so aptly by "Critic," serves to show how sad is the plight of those who have compromised their ideals, and should cause all men to reconsider their views about war from an ethical standpoint.

To my mind, a man disembowelled with a bayonet is as horrible as one burnt alive or destroyed in any fashion by his fellow-beings: while war is still accepted as right, the process of rationalising murder must go on and will become increasingly ludicrous. If one bullet kills one man justly, why does not an Atom or Hydrogen bomb kill its thousands with equal justice?

It is the fundamental irreverence of human life which is wrong and which makes the act of war so degrading to all who participate; as for the "Holy War," it is akin to such things as "sacred stealing" and "righteous rape."

The Church has repeatedly failed to give a lead in many human problems and still shrinks from proving to the world that it really does believe in Jesus Christ. The threat of annihilation is real. To-morrow may see the ultimate failure of humanity.

J. C. C.

DATELINE MOSCOW

SIR,—In his review of *Dateline Moscow*, Mr. Tom Paine says that the author, a Mr. Dallis, "writes more in sorrow than in anger" about the Soviet Union and is "candid and precise about the case of Archie Johnstone." The whole review is, in effect, an *N.S. & N.* testimonial to the qualities of Mr. Dallas as a witness.

I have just read *Dateline Moscow* and I ask Mr. Paine to re-examine his witness.

For instance, Mr. Dallas's accuracy when he deals with important, non-personal matters might be reappraised with some reference to my contention that he makes more than *fifty* misstatements in the *fourteen* pages he devotes to myself.

His "sorrow," too, because it earns him high marks for credibility, deserves re-examination. Presumably his tears for the poor, price-reducing Soviet Union course from the same source as his tears for "Poor Archie. . . . I wonder where he is now. I am pretty sure I shall never see him again." This (and much, much more in the same minor key) *could* pass as genuine bereavement. But I hope that the number of those who would accept it as such will be considerably reduced by my statement that *I have spent not one minute* in the undiluted company, far less the

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bosom of this Mr. Dallas, and that, God willing, I never shall.

Mr. Dallas's Iron Curtain, behind which he makes various of his characters, including myself, "disappear in a way that is only" (!) "possible and conceivable" in Mr. Dallas's sinister Soviet Union, also deserves re-examination in daylight. Mr. Dallas does not explain the Iron Curtain, but I suggest that the Iron Curtain explains Mr. Dallas, the dominie from Romney *et hoc genus omne*. Dr. Goebbels and Mr. Churchill (I nearly wrote "Hyde"!) were content to envisage their Iron Curtain as two-dimensional; but Mr. Dallas sets off intrepidly in his very first paragraph to "*penetrate to the heart* of the Iron Curtain," followed (at a distance not stated in his otherwise precise dedication) by the prayers of his parents. And, by heaven, he succeeded. He got to the heart of his curtain by wrapping it around himself—and the iron entered his soul. Thus encumbered during his brief sojourn in the Hotel Metropol, Moscow, Mr. Dallas had as distorted and restricted a view of the "Greatest Show on Earth," as the Barnum rubberneck who played the hind legs of the property elephant.

A. R. JOHNSTONE

Pushkin St. No. 21,
Flat 20, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

THE SEMI-POOR

SIR,—Sabine Loeffler is quite right in saying that a child aged between two and five (though I would have put it as nearer three than two) needs companionship and that for that reason nursery schools, where the child spends the morning, are commendable. They are, however, vastly different from day nurseries where the child lives through nearly all his waking day. A very young child needs the security of the home background, and also the nurses and matrons in a day nursery are at best a substitute for the mother. Anna Freud, and other psychologists working with children both here and in America, have rather proved it.

There is, nevertheless, a genuine case why day nurseries should not be closed. They are needed in those unfortunate cases where:

(a) the mother is either single or a widow and thus there is no other breadwinner. (Sad, this, because it is the fatherless child who needs his mother's company most);

(b) where the family is so poor that the mother is forced to work;

(c) disrupted motherless homes and homes where the mother is ill;

(d) where the home is genuinely overcrowded and unhealthy;

(e) in some cases where the mother is emotionally unable to look after the child;

(f) special cases where the child is handicapped by a difficulty which the trained staff of the nursery can overcome, while the mother could not.

A child's short waking day assures that the mother has some leisure at night. May I be forgiven for having credited any mother with enough understanding of her child to have assumed that sitters-in would be employed only then? I did not suggest them as an alternative to day nurseries, and entirely agree that a child should not be handed over to strangers when awake or spend days with different people in turn. To avoid further misunderstanding—even the sitter-in who is to watch over the sleeping child should not be completely strange, but have met the child before its bedtime.

Regrettably, the leisure at night still means that mother has a seven day a week working job and no holiday. Those mothers who need help desperately on the grounds of illness or childbirth receive municipal help in the guise of home-helps, paid in proportion to the family's income. Even so the payment is rather high and a hardship on many a family. Until we can give these services free, how can we think of paying for a mother-substitute merely because the evening is not enough for relaxation?

Finally, surely municipal and State help to the families is meant to assist family life, not to replace it?

GINA WATSON

99 Underhill Road,
London, S.E.22.

"SOFTENING-UP"

SIR,—I notice that your Parliamentary Correspondent last week affirms that, unlike other Ministers, I do not value the opposition of our back-benchers. This of course is as nonsensical as it is untrue.

Doubtless your correspondent was unwittingly misled by a speech I made the previous week-end, but if it is re-read it will be found that I was discussing the quality of opposition—whether it should be substantial not procedural—and not who should conduct this opposition.

Indeed, anyone reading the proceedings on the Tory Health Bill will see at once that Hilary Marquand and I who were in charge of the Health Bill frequently left the moving of amendments to our back-benchers. That, of course, was by arrangement. A group was formed from the Parliamentary Health Committee of back-benchers and front-benchers and as a team we carried through the opposition to the Bill, I hope effectively and certainly vigorously.

Government may be carried out exclusively by a Front Bench. Opposition must be dependent on all benches.

HECTOR MCNEIL

House of Commons, S.W.1.

GERRYMANDER

SIR,—While there is some force in Mr. Roy Bennett's comments upon the wide range in the electorates for County Council divisions, in which throughout the country the rural areas have generally much smaller electorates than elsewhere, it is folly to accept that a mere re-drawing of boundaries or even complete equalisation of the electorates would provide a solution for the under-representation of Labour which at present operates. The 1948 revision of parliamentary boundaries and equalisation "as near as may be" of electorates has not prevented the Tory majority of voters in the seven West London constituencies securing only two seats in each of the last two general elections. And the L.C.C. elections, for which each parliamentary constituency provides the County electoral division, follow the same pattern of distorted representation. In all the Counties there would seem to be an urgent need to examine the advantages of applying the single transferable vote and the principle of proportional representation. Labour's representation would not only be increased in a great number of cases, but it would also much better cover rural and urban areas, instead of being as at present too often confined only to or overweighted from the urban seats.

12 Salisbury Road,
Leyton, E.10.

JOHN FITZGERALD

WHOM HEAVEN PROSPER

SIR,—As a footnote to Mr. Aylmer Vallance's agreeable article on the hand-made paper industry, I may, perhaps, be allowed to throw some doubt on his statement that . . . "the wires which form the surface of the mould are . . . woven, after the manner invented by John Baskerville in 1750. . . ."

Quite apart from the question of whether the European introduction of "wove" paper was not a re-discovery of earlier Oriental practice, it is far from certain that Baskerville was in fact responsible for this innovation. On no very strong evidence, the Birmingham printer was given credit for it until the claims of James Whatman were advanced by Mr. Wardrop in 1938. Baskerville's "Virgil," accepted as the first European book to be printed on "wove" paper, was published in 1757. Whatman's Turkey Mill was certainly making "wove" paper in 1760. Without marshalling all the evidence adduced in the latter's favour, it may at least be emphasised that although Baskerville stated that all the printing and typographical needs for the "Virgil" were made in his own shops, he advanced no such claim for the paper, nor for any such invention, nor is it certain that he ever operated a paper mill; he expressed pleasure simply at the "improvement" in the paper used—and that in an edition which was received with great enthusiasm in literary circles alike in England and on the Continent.

The problem remains unsolved. It may, of course, be contended that the paper was made in Whatman's mill at Baskerville's suggestion, though it is by no means clear, in that event, why due credit should not be given to what was probably the outstanding paper mill in 18th-century England.

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw some light on this question.

London School of Economics. D. C. COLEMAN

CURE OF MINDS

SIR,—In your generous review of *Cure of Minds* there is a mistake of fact which, in fairness to the mental hospital concerned and to me, should be corrected. My visits of investigation to "Umber" were spread over a period of about six months, and though off-hand I do not know exactly how long my several stays in the doctors' quarters added up to, the sum was certainly more than a fortnight. I think the mistake arises because I have headed the entries in my journal not with a date but the day of the week, and, thus a Monday and a Wednesday will be side by side in the book though in practice there was six weeks between them. The telescoped effect is, of course, intentional, but if all these things had happened in a fortnight, what a fortnight it would have been!

MONTAGU SLATER

LONDON TRAMS

SIR,—Will anyone join in a lament for the trams? They were a great school of social science. Forty years ago, in daily journeys between Battersea and the Hop Exchange ("'Op please" to the conductor), one saw people in all states—happy, sad; quarrelsome, tired, drunk—and from innumerable small incidents, pleasant and unpleasant, one acquired from them, together with a daily flea or two, some knowledge of the life of South London. One saw a Cabinet Minister, the Rt. Hon. John Burns, in spotless bowler hat, morning coat, and striped trousers, picking his teeth with his tram ticket in the conventional way. The retort "You oughter got out to the Dogs' 'Ome," and the conductor's ostentatious announcement "Public Baths and Washhouses" were recognised pleasantries. What do young people nowadays know of one of the really significant battles in English History, the struggle for Trams-across-the-Bridges? The trams carried us in endless millions, noisily, speedily, and safely, and I regret their passing.

E. L. KENNAWAY

The Athenæum, S.W.1.

EMILY DICKINSON

SIR,—I am sorry if I gave the impression in my recent review of Emily Dickinson's letters that I consider her a "silly old maid." I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Wedgwood Benn, or any other American reader, with that impression. I consider her a very impressive Old Maid, and I respect Old Maids and Victorians, and in particular the moral discipline and well-bred formality that characterised so many Victorian old maids of Emily Dickinson's stamp—qualities too seldom found at the present time. The point I wished to make was that her dry originality of character must have played as great—or almost as great—a part as her poetic gifts in so endearing her to her compatriots. Whitman, Poe and Melville (if we regard Moby Dick as an imaginative epic), among many lesser figures, surely leave no reason for Americans to feel that their poetic output during the Victorian age was a meagre one.

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Chester Wilmot's War

In *The Struggle for Europe* Mr. Wilmot's main purpose, as he puts it, is to show "how and why the Western Allies, while gaining military victory, suffered political defeat; . . . not only how Hitler was overthrown but also why Stalin emerged victorious. . . ." The essential reason for the failure of the West, he concludes, lay in the fact that Roosevelt rather than Churchill dominated the strategy and diplomacy of the Allies.

Churchill, Mr. Wilmot contends, was suspicious of Soviet intentions from the start: he sought at every turn to resist Soviet political pressures; he tried to check Soviet expansion in Eastern Europe; he advocated military operations in the Balkans in order to forestall the spread of Soviet influence. If only Churchill's policy had been followed, we are given to understand, the Soviet Union would not be threatening the world to-day.

But alas, says Mr. Wilmot, Roosevelt made most of the crucial decisions; and Roosevelt had a guileless trust in Stalin: he constantly advocated damaging political and territorial concessions to the Soviet Union in the naive hope that he could thereby win Stalin's confidence; his opposition to Balkan operations and his pressure for a second front in France met the exact requirements of Soviet expansion; his insistence on unconditional surrender delivered Eastern Europe to Communism; his sentimental dislike for British imperialism further played into Stalin's hands. As a direct consequence of Roosevelt's policies, Soviet power is now pressing hard on the West.

Mr. Wilmot's central argument has long been accepted in certain quarters in the United States. For this reason it may be time to subject this thesis to the awkward test of facts. Let us examine its main points.

Churchill and Stalin

Winston Churchill, Mr. Wilmot repeatedly asserts, was deeply concerned with the necessity of checking and restraining Stalin. *The Struggle for Europe* gives several different dates for the emergence of this concern; thus at one point Mr. Wilmot puts it as "during 1943" (page 130), at another as "after Teheran" (page 636). But he gives the consistent impression that Churchill knew the score on the U.S.S.R. from the word go.

It is interesting to note that Wilmot makes claims for Churchill which Churchill, a better historian, does not make for himself. Nor does Mr. Wilmot produce any concrete evidence to support these repeated assertions. The absence of evidence clearly explains his confusion over dates. But it does not explain his disregard of the mass of evidence on the other side—evidence which shows that Churchill's view of the Soviet Union was far more complicated than *The Struggle for Europe* would suggest. Take, for example, Churchill's analysis of the U.S.S.R. in the House of Commons on May 24, 1944: "Profound changes have taken place in Soviet Russia. The Trotskyite form of Communism has been completely wiped out. The victories of the Russian armies have been attended by a great rise in strength of the Russian State and a remarkable broadening of its views. The religious side of Russian life has had a wonderful rebirth." Even after Yalta Churchill said: "The impression that I brought from the Crimea . . . is that Marshal Stalin and the other Soviet leaders wish to live in honourable friendship and democracy with the Western democracies. I also feel that no Government stands more to its obligations than the Russian Soviet Government."

The fact is that Winston Churchill, far from having a consistent view of Soviet Russia, could not decide during the war—and perhaps still cannot decide to-day—whether Stalin is a great, if autocratic, national patriotic leader or a dangerous revolutionary—whether Stalin was another Mussolini (like Tito) or another Trotsky (like Hitler).

Policy on Yugoslavia

Mr. Wilmot argues that Churchill, with his acute awareness of the Soviet threat, took the initiative in resisting Soviet demands, while Roosevelt tumbled over himself in eagerness to do whatever he thought Stalin wanted. The facts in the cases are so widely different as to convict Mr. Wilmot of negligence or distortion of the most serious order. I should add that my purpose in bringing out the facts is not to turn the Wilmot indictment against Churchill but to indicate how his indictment falsifies a whole series of complex historical issues.

Take first the case of Yugoslavia. Churchill's main agent in Yugoslavia was Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., who had spent a long time at the British Embassy in Moscow and who regarded the Soviet Union as a potential threat to world peace. In a confidential talk, Maclean raised with Churchill the probability that the "ultimate aim" of the Partisans "would undoubtedly be to establish in Yugoslavia a Communist regime closely linked to Moscow as part of same. How did His Majesty's Government view such an eventuality? Was it at this stage their policy to obstruct Soviet expansion in the Balkans?" Churchill replied that, so long as "Western civilisation was threatened by the Nazi menace, we could not afford to let our attention be diverted from the immediate issue by considerations of long-term policy. . . ." When Maclean, after several months in Yugoslavia, pointed out the implications of preferring Tito to Mihailovitch, Churchill asked him, "'Do you intend to make Yugoslavia your home after the war?'" Maclean said "'No.' . . ." "'Neither do I,'" Churchill said. "'And, that being so, the less you and I worry about the form of government they set up the better. What interests us is which of them is doing most harm to the Germans.'" As late as January 18, 1945, Churchill said publicly what he had confided to Maclean: "We have no special interest in the political regime which prevails in Yugoslavia. Few people in Britain, I imagine, are going to be more cheerful or more downcast because of the future constitution of Yugoslavia."

Believing that military expediency and not long-term political considerations should be decisive, Churchill had no compunctions about throwing over Mihailovitch in favour of Tito by the end of 1943, while the United States for many months after maintained its Mission with Mihailovitch. All this is clearly on the record and clearly relevant to Mr. Wilmot's central thesis. But Mr. Wilmot, incredibly enough, never mentions the divergence between British and U.S. policy in Yugoslavia.

Eastern Europe

Take next the cases of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Churchill brought great pressure on Roosevelt to accede to Stalin's demand for a recognition of Soviet claims to these three States. Roosevelt refused. All this is clearly on the record and clearly relevant to Mr. Wilmot's central thesis. But Mr. Wilmot never mentions it.

Take, above all, the case of Poland. Churchill vigorously backed Soviet territorial claims in Poland, demanded that the Polish Government in London accept these claims, and brought intense pressure on Mikolajczyk to join the Coalition Government in Moscow. Churchill backed the Curzon Line unconditionally and was the first of the Big Three to mention the Oder-Neisse line, eventually pledging support for that line even if the United States would not go along. Jan Ciechanowski, the Polish ambassador to the United States, describes Churchill as "committed to press the Polish Government to yield to all Soviet demands." Roosevelt, on the other hand, far from outdistancing Churchill in "appeasement," refused at every step to support Churchill on Poland—up to the point of Yalta, when he finally assented to the coalition arrangement Churchill had advocated the previous October. But you would gather very little of this from Mr. Wilmot's peculiar presentation of the Polish problem.

Take the case of Greece. Mr. Wilmot makes a great deal of Churchill's swift reaction to the activity of the Communist Partisans in December 1944. But he entirely omits the fact that Churchill conducted these operations under the singular impression that he was fighting what he called "naked, triumphant Trotskyism"—an impression strengthened by the air of aloofness with which the Soviet Union treated the whole affair.

Take the whole problem of Eastern Europe. Mr. Wilmot has a good deal of sophisticated fun over the idealistic opposition of Roosevelt and Cordell Hull to spheres of influence. Yet he does not seem to recognise that Churchill's proposal of October 1944, to offer the Soviet Union control of Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary in exchange for British control in Greece and a fifty-fifty split in Yugoslavia, was in effect an abandonment of most of Eastern Europe to the Soviet Union. The Declaration on Liberated Europe at Yalta reversed the British retreat and restored the Western interest in all Eastern Europe—which the Churchill sphere-of-influence approach would have destroyed. Needless to say, Mr. Wilmot's treatment of the subject entirely obscures the significance of the question.

Indeed, for all Mr. Wilmot's assertions, Churchill made *no* concrete proposals of any kind for Anglo-American action to restrain Russia until his cable to Truman of April 17, 1945, when he urged that the Western armies stay put until certain issues with the U.S.S.R. were settled.

The Balkan Myth

Mr. Wilmot argues that Churchill, because of his desire to check Soviet expansion, held back on a direct frontal attack in France, favouring instead operations in the Mediterranean and the Balkans. Again the facts in the case simply do not justify his argument.

There are three separate problems here. Why did Churchill favour North Africa over France in 1942 and Italy over France in 1943? Did Churchill ever favour an invasion of the Balkans? Was the second front in France a mistake?

The answer to the first question is that Churchill favoured North Africa in 1942 and Italy in 1943 for strictly military reasons—reasons which are fully evident to anyone who has pondered Churchill's strategy in the First War or who has read *The World Crisis*. Churchill never forgot the senseless slaughter which, as he put it, consumed the flower of the national manhood of Britain over four tragic years on the Western Front in the First War; he always believed that the Gallipoli strategy—of attacking the enemy at his weakest point—was right. Convinced that British manpower could not survive another agony of trench warfare, he did his best in the

Second War to avoid the frontal attack and to concentrate on the enemy's "soft underbelly."

So far as the historical evidence is concerned, this is the single motive that animated the British preference for a Mediterranean strategy. Churchill himself has never claimed any other. Mr. Wilmot, needless to say, does not produce a shred of evidence to support his contention that Churchill was moved by political considerations. His argument is an exercise in myth.

Even more in the realm of myth is the whole theory of a British proposal for an Allied invasion of the Balkans. Mr. Wilmot does concede that Churchill never believed that the major offensive against Germany should be launched through Southern Europe; but, having conceded this, he goes on to claim that in 1943 Churchill favoured "limited diversionary operations" in the Balkans to achieve "the restoration of democratic influence in Central and South-Eastern Europe." Not a fragment of evidence is presented to support the confident assertion that Churchill ever had these political motives at that time or that he ever contemplated a Balkan campaign to achieve these political objectives.

Churchill's own account is quite different. In a conference with Generals Marshall and Eisenhower in May 1943, Churchill repeatedly said that he did not "contemplate or desire the provision of any organised armed force for the Balkan theatre, either this year or in any period with which we are now concerned." In October, 1943, he wrote Roosevelt: "I have never wished to send an army into the Balkans, but only by agents, supplies and Commandos to stimulate the intense guerrilla prevailing there"—or, in other words, to enable Communist-led guerrillas to expel the Nazis and presumably establish themselves in power. Where Churchill and Wilmot differ as to what Churchill was up to, it is perhaps permissible for the bystander to prefer Churchill's version. The only substance in the Balkan invasion myth is that in 1944, *after* the opening of the second front, the British proposed, as an alternative not to Normandy but to the landings in Southern France, a campaign to break out of the Po Valley through the Ljubljana Gap into Hungary—a campaign that would have left most of the Balkans untouched.

The Road Through France

Was the second front in France a mistake? According to Mr. Wilmot's apparently straight-faced formulation, Stalin "gained" his great "objective" when he "succeeded in insisting that the main offensive effort of the Western Allies should be directed through France."

If this sentence means anything, it means that Stalin's persuasion overrode the better judgment of the Allied leaders, who wanted to direct the main offensive effort somewhere else than through France. The fact is that no one—not even Churchill—ever considered that the main offensive effort should go anywhere else; Churchill's only concern was not to launch the offensive under conditions that would risk the mass slaughter of Allied troops. With the nightmare of Passchendaele and Vimy Ridge fixed forever in his mind, Churchill entirely underestimated the possibilities of breakaway war once the Allied divisions were loose in the plains of Western Europe.

As for the American generals, they saw no sense in expending blood and effort in knocking Italy out of the war. The prior elimination of Italy would not have impaired Germany's capacity of resistance, while the prior elimination of Germany would have left Italy to die on the vine. Churchill's Mediterranean strategy could do no more, as Eisenhower saw it, "than peck at the outer perimeter of the German defence"; it meant engaging the foe in every area except the area which would yield a decision. General MacArthur, too, denounced Churchill's North African diversion as "absolutely useless." General Wedemeyer, who did his best in 1943 to stop the Mediterranean sideshow and throw everything into a cross-Channel attack, said recently: "It is my judgment to-day that if we had done that . . . the history of Europe would have been changed, and that it would have been American and British forces that overran Europe instead of Russian." From the viewpoint of checkmating the Russians in Europe—as well as of destroying the Germans—the second front was certainly as expeditious a strategy as any. Mr. Wilmot's alternative might well have had the Allied armies bogged down in Bulgaria and Hungary while the Red Army occupied the Ruhr and moved on toward the Pas de Calais.

Unconditional Surrender

Mr. Wilmot argues that Roosevelt's insistence on unconditional surrender was a fatal mistake. Between unconditional surrender and the Morgenthau Plan, he says, Goebbels could convince the German people that their only hope of saving the Fatherland and themselves lay in "unconditional resistance." Moreover, unconditional surrender made it "inevitable" that the U.S.S.R. would become the dominant power in Eastern Europe.

The attack on unconditional surrender is very pat and fashionable to-day. But everyone seems to forget that the doctrine's primary function was to prevent Hitler from breaking up the Allied coalition by playing off one side against the other. As for its alleged effect on the Axis, no one, to my knowledge, has demonstrated that it deterred anybody from surrendering who would have surrendered otherwise. Even Mr. Wilmot concedes that it had no effect on the Italian surrender; and, while he blandly says that because of the doctrine Goebbels could convince the Germans they had no alternative but "unconditional resistance," it never seems to occur to him that the Germans did not, in fact, carry on "unconditional resistance," that they surrendered all the time, that conspiratorial action was taken even under totalitarian conditions to overthrow the Hitler regime, and that up to the last moment Goering and Himmler were sure they could work out deals with the Allies.

The more basic argument against unconditional surrender is that, by leaving the Allies no central German administration to deal with, it led directly to the present division of Germany. This argument has a certain force. Yet the division of Germany was hardly the *inevitable* consequence of unconditional surrender. Unconditional surrender did not, for example, eliminate central administrations in Italy, Austria or Japan. The European Advisory Commission, which drew up the surrender plans (and which Mr. Wilmot never mentions in his seven hundred pages), had no directive on the question of a central German administration. The whole problem was hopelessly confused at the time, of course, by the passing fantasy of German dismemberment. But the Allies could have filled the blanks of unconditional surrender with any kind of Germany they wanted.

The draft agreement on zones of occupation, moreover, originated with the *British* representatives on the E.A.C. As for the Morgenthau Plan, Mr. Wilmot characteristically omits the fact that

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Churchill actually dictated its text, including the crucial sentence about converting Germany into "a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in its character." Churchill soon recovered from this madness; but so, too, did Roosevelt.

Mr. Wilmot's statement that the unconditional surrender doctrine gave Eastern Europe to the Communists is of interest only as implying that he saw an alternative policy. It was not, of course, unconditional surrender that gave the U.S.S.R. a free hand in Eastern Europe. It was the destruction of the Nazi State. Wilmot's alternative, if it were to keep the Soviet Union out of Eastern Europe, would have meant the retention of a German State and a German army powerful enough to offset the military strength of Russia. Does Mr. Wilmot consider such a policy to have been feasible in 1944 or 1945? If feasible, desirable? There are unplumbed political depths here which perhaps will hardly bear a more thorough and unrelenting examination. One might well consider in addition the question why, if unconditional surrender was a policy that benefited the Russians, they spent so much time trying to get Roosevelt and Churchill to abandon it.

Imperialism

Mr. Wilmot argues that Roosevelt's anti-colonialism represented one of the fatal weaknesses of the Western coalition. He treats with scorn Hull's statement of the view that "unless dependent peoples were assisted toward ultimate self-government and were given it . . . they would provide kernels of conflict." He suggests that Churchill's position of unrepentant imperialism suited far better the needs of the free nations than Roosevelt's sentimental idealism.

Of all the preposterous passages in this preposterous book, this is perhaps the most extraordinary. Within the past year, Iran and Egypt have exploded as a consequence of unrepentant imperialism; Hull's mild remark about "kernels of conflict" has been proved a fantastic understatement. Fortunately a British Government—not Churchill's—was found that followed Roosevelt's recommendations in India, so India to-day is precariously on our side; one shudders to think where India would be if Churchill's policy had triumphed. Our position in Indo-China would certainly be much stronger if Roosevelt could have had his way. On his return from Yalta Roosevelt even outlined programmes for economic and technical development of the kind we now call Point Four.

This review can only single out the main points in the Wilmot book. I do not have space here to deal with his misunderstanding of the Yalta Agreements; evidently he wrote before W. Averell Harriman's memorandum on Yalta was published. Nor can I enlarge upon his cool disdain for the whole Pacific war; the notion that landing craft might plausibly be employed at Leyte and Tarawa rather than in the Balkans is one that afflicts Mr. Wilmot with deep boredom. Nor can I do more than touch on his curious conviction that post-war history would have been entirely transformed if the Western armies, rather than the Russian, had liberated Berlin, Prague and Vienna. He forgets that the division of Germany was controlled by lines drawn in 1944 before D-Day; and, needless to say, he does not mention the fact that the basic East-West line was of British origin (or that both Americans and British believed that it would recover for the West territories which would probably be in the hands of the Red Army). In any case, the idea that the Soviet Union would be causing no trouble to-day if only the Iron Curtain were a hundred miles to the East is too absurd to be worth examination.

But I cannot pass over one astonishing sentence toward the end—a sentence that effectively destroys the book's main argument. After expounding all along the necessity for preserving Germany and turning against Russia, Mr. Wilmot suddenly recalls the political situation in 1945 and writes: "Even if they had been inclined to do so, the British and American Governments could not have won public support for any policy which was designed to keep Russia in check or which provided for anything less than the extirpation of German militarism." If so, what in the world was Mr. Wilmot writing his book about?

Neither Britain nor the United States was infallible in its war-time policies. Of course both Churchill and Roosevelt made mistakes, even if neither need fear ultimate historical verdicts; of course, it is the job of historians to record the errors as well as the achievements. But there is no excuse for the violent wrenching of the facts of history in the interests of myth. George Orwell suggested the logical end of that.

I do not know what the effect of Mr. Wilmot's abuse of history has been in England. In the United States it will only delight and encourage those who have stood against every form of enlightened international collaboration in the service of world freedom and peace.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

*** The foregoing article, reprinted here in slightly shortened form, was first published in the April 26 issue of *The Reporter*, New York. In introductory paragraphs, omitted for reasons of space, Mr. Schlesinger pays tribute to the author's "brilliant and vivid description of the European fighting." *The Struggle for Europe* was reviewed in our columns by R. H. S. Crossman on February 2.

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Books in General

CONRAD exists in English literature but he is a harsh exotic who can never quite be assimilated to our modes. No English novelist has his peculiar accent in psychological and moral curiosity; it is like the knowing accent of Kipling, a foreigner's acquired slang, but expressing a far more elevated sensibility than Kipling had; only Henry James, another alien, with his pursuit of fine consciousness, approaches Conrad's fencing with extremes. Yet here, all Conrad's critics have been dissatisfied. They have felt, as Forster did, that he was following extremes into a fog of argument or rhetoric; or they have been obliged to agree with the comment of Dr. Leavis—the most substantial of Conrad's critics—on the inequalities of *Heart of Darkness* and that

> he is intent on making a virtue out of not knowing what he means. The vague and unrealisable, he asserts with a strained impressiveness, is the profoundly and tremendously significant.

Even in *Nostromo*, where Conrad's powers of concretion were married to a great subject, we shall not exactly know where we stand. We are always liable in his work to lapse from the certainties of art into the restless brilliance of opinion, to find the matter in hand being explored with the cleverness of the café writer and the moral dilettante. We shall be haunted by the special and tragic brilliance of the exile who, as he exhibits himself and acts his role, is never unconscious of the fact. So, as Mr. Douglas Hewitt says in a short new assessment* of Conrad's novels, they are not tragedies—but they *resemble* tragedies. They are, generally speaking, one must add, inhibited from tragic fullness by his famous, defensive and histrionic irony. He is, at bottom, a rather sadistic and sardonic writer. His irony is ultimately perverse—or, as earlier critics used to say, morbid—because it is a personal irony and does not always lie in the nature of the events he describes. Is *Nostromo* a great classical novel or a brilliant commentary? That is to say, superb as it is, does it not strike one as being a commentary on the kind of novel or dramatic work that could, at some time, be written on the subject?

Nostromo is the most strikingly modern of Conrad's novels. It might have been written in the last five years and not, as it was, in 1904. All the issues of the economic exploitation of a backward country are here; the politics of Costaguana over two or three generations are telescoped in depth without losing the focus on the present. We see both the ideal and fraud in colonial exploitation, in the fight for liberalism, progress, reform, the bent to revolution and the advent of a foreign power. Even the rise of two of the now dominant forces in his kind of situation is cleary noted: the desire of America to take over everything in the world and, against or with that, the rise of the masses. Conrad did not set these things down in a political or historical essay, nor in a novel of propaganda, but in the impure and, above all, accidented detail of a large sceptical and imaginative work. Every moment is physically realised not by a right-minded and insensitive political reporter with a mind hardened-off or softened by his programme, but by an artist dealing, as art must, in the waste, the elusive, the incalculable. It is one of the prophetic felicities of this work, that it is pervaded by a profound, even morbid sense of insecurity which is the very spirit of our age, and that sense is (as it must always be) personal. Before anyone else—though we may pause to give Mr. E. M. Forster his due—Conrad the exile has had the luck to foresee that in half a century, we should all become exiles, in a sense.

One or two reflections follow from our astonishment with *Nostromo*. The first is a general reflection on the social soil in which the modern English novel is planted. The great English subject—one is inclined to say—and at any rate the great subject which includes a picture of society, lies outside England, simply because English life itself has for long been parasitic on life abroad and does not wish to recognise the fact. "Abroad" is where English institutions have been put to the test and not in South Wales, Tyneside, Birmingham or Surrey. As I say, apart from Conrad, only E. M. Forster seems to have known this; possibly Lawrence, too, in a book like *Kangaroo*. The second reflection is one that throws a light on some of Conrad's defects as a novelist. He suffers from being before his proper time. It is a freak of time that he is a Romantic. Even in small yet not unimportant matters like the use of dialogue, Conrad was unlucky. If he could be writing *The Secret Agent* or the bandit pages of *Victory* now, he would certainly not write the wooden Cockney or the ludicrous melodrama of his gangster's dialogue; the intellectual energies of the refugee would not have been spent on acquiring literary English, but the English of speech.

Conrad is a man in what we may call the post-1940 situation, but who is obliged to conceal the fact under a dramatic fog of rhetoric. He, of course, loved rhetoric and became—as Mr. Hewitt says—more prone to it when his talent went to pieces from *Chance* onwards; vaguely emotive words like "unspeakable," "nameless," "inscrutable," "horror," "pure evil," "mystery," "Woman" are the well-known pedals of the Romantic organ. Behind them lay things which, a generation or so after, he could have named, and as an incipient nihilist he would have been bound to name them. He would have been obliged to live or set down in precise physical detail, the nihilism which he feared so much in his nature. It would have been drawn out by a nihilist age. The case of Kurz in *Heart of Darkness*, the case of Heyst in *Victory*, or Decoud in *Nostromo* is contemporary, but now the full glare of the interrogator's lamp is on their faces. Conrad would have been drawn out of the grandiloquent shadows that exasperate us and which seem to exasperate him; he would have found less to opine upon and more, cruelly, to state. The morbidity of which early critics complained—quite rightly; before 1914 certain values seemed impregnable—would not strike one in our imaginary Conrad who had been drawn out by times that would fit his temperament like a glove. Betrayal, guilt, isolation, the double self, corruption, the undisguised sadism that has appeared in our life, the anarchy, are not matters of speculation and pious lament. They are contemporary facts.

Mr. Hewitt is of the opinion that the decline of Conrad's work which began with *Chance*, comes from a failure to see any secure or positive values which could counter the force of his negative criticism. The alternative was to plump for popular Romance and an unreal, black and white world of wholly good or wholly evil people. These later books are simply the early rhetoric expanded. Mr. Hewitt's book is a short one which sticks to the text of a few of the novels and is concerned with the specific moral health of Conrad's genius at different times; it is far from comprehensive and though its main points are excellent, one misses a sensibility to detail. Gould and his wife, for example, are hardly realised characters in *Nostromo*: they are states of mind, like the Dukes who hold the Court in a Shakespearean drama. Why in comparison does Mr. Hewitt find Heyst in *Victory* so fatally unrealised? Are Heyst's conversations with the girl on the island less acceptable than Mrs. Gould's conversations with Decoud in *Nostromo*? The dialogue is wooden in both instances but the matter is allusive and subtle. Is not the difference between Gould and Heyst simply that one is a practical and obsessed solitary scheming for his mine, whereas Heyst is a passive solitary? Mr. Hewitt warns us of the danger of paraphrasing Conrad, but Conrad paraphrases himself in characters like Gould, Heyst and Decoud. They are attitudes, not people, though they are attitudes lit up here and there by the novelist's power to give them flashes of individual life. The fact is that Conrad was a writer of restless and changeable conceptions, but he was poor in invention. His imaginative eye did not easily move; it was fixed upon brilliant detail so that the sound of a thing like the clank of railway trucks, with its suggestion of prisoner's fetters, becomes so powerful as an image, that it is more real to us than the people who have to be explained or talked on in brilliant but ultimately elusive colloquies. He is a jumpy, attitudinising, artificial writer, bedevilled by his eye. The selection of the isolated subject—which Mr. Hewitt notes—is, in part, the expression of his maddened desire for a subject that can be made to stand still so that it can be forcibly elaborated. The pattern of *Nostromo* is wonderful. It is like some grim brocade; yet was it necessary to be so elaborate in order to get the utmost out of the subject? And did Conrad get the utmost? On the level of a great tragic conception, I think, it must at last be thought he did not. We are overburdened by detail, by a too constant intensity. We are hypnotised. We "come to," but there has been no purgation.

The Secret Sharer, in Mr. Hewitt's opinion, marks the deciding crisis in Conrad's life as a novelist. In this excellent tale he thinks Conrad exorcised his personal devil and thereafter turned away from the central conflict which had fertilised his art. Leggatt, the man who takes refuge in the young Captain's cabin, has killed a man in some squabble, and he plays the part

* *Conrad: A Reassessment*. By DOUGLAS HEWITT. *Bowes & Bowes*. 10s. 6d.

of the Dostoevskian "double" as Gentleman Brown had done to Lord Jim. Leggatt is the hidden transgressor in the unconscious, an embodiment of the fear "that there are parts of himself which he has not yet brought into the light of day" and which may interfere "with the ideal conception of one's own personality every man sets up for himself secretly." The Captain is put to a strain leading almost to madness by his secret partisanship, and actually risks his ship; but having pushed the pact to the limit, he conquers and sails off, free at last, where Kurz, Gentleman Brown of *Nostromo* and Lord Jim represent failures in this struggle with the unconscious. *Chance* with its optimism of black and white Romance, the reliance on the sailor's simple code—Mr. Hewitt says—follows at once. This is a shrewd point. Conrad's pessimism, his lack of a positive scheme of spiritual values, clearly left him, as a Romantic artist, in an intolerable situation.

Exile, the fact of being uncommitted, is at the bottom of Conrad's triumphs and his failures. He is a writer of great vanity. One has the impression—Mr. Hewitt notes it too briefly—of a writer more suited to the theatre than to the novel. The wonderful faceting of *Nostromo* is essentially theatrical in effect; self-consciousness, artifice, the sense of his role which every Conrad character feels, including Marlow himself, strengthen our impression. Of course, he was no more a dramatist than Henry James was, but there is this straining towards the drama. It is indeed the self-dramatising, evasive, speculative quality in his own comments on his work which make him an unusually unreliable guide to his achievement. This and Conrad's preoccupation with guilt is the starting point of Mr. Hewitt's suggestive little book. V. S. PRITCHETT

SHOULD POETS TRY FOR ONCE TO TELL THE TRUTH

Should poets try for once to tell the truth
About what makes their women seem so fair.
I rather fear their words would sound uncouth.

Their blue eyes is it or their golden hair?
(Read "dark" or "auburn," *chacun à son goût*).
Or is it something neither here nor there?

The list is far too lengthy to run through,
And even then the answer is not found
By murmuring, *All this and Heaven too:*

The subject must be studied in the round;
But first the would-be student should be trained
To suffer pain and never make a sound.

For poets' knowledge of their girls is gained
At heavy cost in terms of heart's unease;
Their agonies are frequent and unfeigned.

So those who cannot see the wood for trees
Should take a leaf out of the poet's book,
And wander through the hell of Hes and Shes

Searching with painful fervour every nook,
Counting the ways love's labour may be lost
When bait-crammed bellies feel the shining hook,

Until their dog-eared text is fully glossed,
And all is plain that used to be obscure:
And then they will discover, to their cost,

The wormwood answers they were searching for,
Such as, "The corpse was murdered by the sleuth,"
And, "All was mirage that the butler saw,"

And know why poets never tell the truth.

JOHN WAIN

NIGHTMARE

Ordeal by Slander. By OWEN LATTIMORE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

When Professor Lattimore finished this moving and courageous book, he may have hoped that the ordeal which it describes was also completed. In fact, the worst was yet to come. This record deals only with his experiences before the Tydings Committee in the Spring of 1950, after Senator McCarthy had alleged that he was "the top Soviet espionage agent in the U.S." Though, on that occasion, Lattimore vindicated himself and discredited his accusers, his success merely made them pursue him more relentlessly. This year, he has been hailed before the McCarran Committee and forced to go through the same obnoxious performance. Testifying on February 26, he said:

> . . . you have now for many months been publishing to the world an incredible mass of unsubstantiated accusations, allegations and insinuations. For months a long line of witnesses has set me in the midst of a murky atmosphere of pretended plots and conspiracies so that it is now practically impossible for my fellow citizens to follow in detail the specific refutation of each lie and smear.

What this campaign of slander can mean to a man such as Lattimore, one of America's most distinguished experts on the Far East, and to his family and friends, is described in bitter detail in these pages.

The story reads like an account of a terrifying nightmare. Owen Lattimore was in Kabul, on a U.N. mission, when he first heard of McCarthy's unsubstantiated denunciation. Until he was able to reach the U.S., it was left to his wife and some loyal friends to fight back; and Eleanor Lattimore's own story of a bewildering and desperate week is properly inserted in the book. Digests of Lattimore's books and articles had to be prepared, testimony to his loyalty and his character secured, and all the material he would need for his defence had to be collected and arranged for him to use as soon as he arrived back. "Defence" is a curious word, and a terrible word in this context. For Lattimore did not enjoy any of the privileges a legal court grants to an indicted defendant: the procedure of the Senate Committee does not permit cross-examination of witnesses, for instance, and as fast as he could nail one lie, McCarthy would produce another, usually in the privileged immunity of the Senate. It says much for Lattimore's ability and his game-cock spirit that, despite the physical, mental and financial strain to which he was put by this inquisition, he fought back successfully against the evasive McCarthy—

> . . . the master not only of the big lie but of the middle-sized lie and the little ball-bearing lie that rolls around and around and helps the wheels of the lie machinery to turn over.

By the end of the hearing, Lattimore had shown that McCarthy's allegations were a tissue of fabrications. The charge that he was a "top agent" was first modified, then so exploded that McCarthy had to drop it. Even McCarthy could not successfully argue against the secret files of the F.B.I. Then came the attempt to prove that Lattimore was the "architect" of the unsuccessful U.S. policy in China. This, too, was impossible to maintain. Finally, the renegade Communist Louis Budenz, brought in to bolster the case, could do no more than give hearsay evidence that U.S. Communists had favourably regarded Lattimore. When Lattimore countered by showing that his writings on the Far East had been denounced in the Soviet and Communist press, and that both his views and his actions had been anti-Communist, the best that Budenz could do was to say that the "key" Communists were given "dispensations" to be publicly "anti-Communist." To this, Lattimore made the obvious retort that on such evidence Budenz himself might still be a leading Communist, despite his chair at a Catholic university.

The interest of this book, however, lies as much in its account of the personal ordeal of the Lattimores as in its importance as a study of the tactics of the China Lobby. Owen Lattimore knew that he was being made a scapegoat, and he had the bravery and vision to fight back for others as well as himself. He saw that the tide of fear which was sweeping America might wash away "the freedom to inquire and the freedom to express opinions based upon independent inquiry," and his personal sacrifice was made to defend those freedoms. It is well that we should know its cost, and should realise the impact in the U.S. to-day of allegations so wild, fanatical and viciously irrational.

This is a grim story. It is all the more grim because of its sequel. The McCarran Committee, driven by the friends of Chiang Kai-shek, is out to "prove" that Communists "captured" the State Department's Far East section, and that the Institute of Pacific Relations—with which Lattimore was intimately associated—was one of the main agencies they used. No fantasies are too ludicrous for this purpose, no smear too base, no lie too big. Naturally, the case must be built around Lattimore, against whose expertise and integrity the first offensive of vilification and distortion broke in vain. I have no doubt that, apart from the general desire of the China Lobby to discredit Lattimore's views, some of the American spokesmen for the Kuomintang have half-crazed personal motives for making him the target of their campaign. And when the full story of the China Lobby comes to be told in saner times—and enough has appeared in two recent issues of the New York *Reporter* and in the secret cables released by Senator Morse, to give a good idea of its sinister importance—it will turn out to be one of the most incredible and disreputable pressure-groups in American history. Owen Lattimore's vivid book tells us what ordeal by slander means to the victim: it is also the testament of a brave man, whom vile abuse has not crushed but dignified.

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"OF THEE I SING!"

The Confident Years: 1885-1915. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent.* 21*s.*

With this book Mr. Brooks brings his literary history of the United States to a close. We move out of the gilt Pullman era and into the American century, the Age of Anxiety. The present narrative spans the years between Bierce and Pound, O. Henry and Hemingway, Howells and Eliot. Its key dates are 1894—the year Dreiser got his first sight of Pittsburgh—and 1907, when Gertrude Stein published *Three Lives*. Both are turning points in American letters.

Throughout his ambitious work Mr. Brooks has been subtly varying his method of presentation. Earlier he took pains to develop the idea of a classical New England culture. Now the Lowells and Cabots have been ditched for the stockyards, the rail-kings, the steerage immigrants. Mr. Brooks rushes headlong towards them, making wild Whitmanesque gestures of acceptance, welcoming them on behalf of The Boys. Here, he says in effect, is the writer's challenge, the challenge of Life. Life is not only serious and earnest, it is strident, brazen, beautiful, evil, noble, painful, joyful, iridescent and disgusting. From Brooklyn to Alaska it's there for the record! Now Git! The starter's pistol cracks and The Boys—Jack London, O. Henry, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Richard Harding Davis and all—are off. They jump Californian mail trains, round up Texas cattle, stevedore on the Great Lakes, peer into East Side basements, and are whirled up and down the big dippers on Coney Island. Soon they are back at Mr. Brooks's elbow, sobbing for breath, bulging with experience. "I would like to live a lifetime in New York," pants O. Henry. "Every house has a drama in it." "I don't think I ever missed a slum," murmurs H. C. Bunner.

This is roughly the impression left by Mr. Brooks's 362 overloaded pages. His book is crammed with atmosphere and cross-references. There are too many unnecessary names, too much is going on at the same time, and there is far, far too much of this sort of thing:

> While Norris had been still at the University Isadora Duncan was touring California, at twelve, with her brothers and her sister, dancing and reciting in the little towns like the child-stars of the mining camps—of whom Bret Harte had written—in the days of Lola Montez.

Inclusive, undiscriminating, Mr. Brooks conserves his vitality for the social panorama. He writes well and effectively about the prairies and the big cities, the ghettoes, the Chinatowns and the Bronx. As long as he is merely relating each writer to the background in which he worked, he is admirable; when he has to deal with the writing itself he is curiously flat. Apart from a few pages on Bierce, there is little genuine criticism to be found in this book. Yet for English students of the American literary scene, *The Confident Years* has great value. It throws light on all kinds of causes and influences that have shaped the course of American letters: the cult of the cowboy; the cultural displacements that occurred in New York during the Eighties; the importance of the Spanish-American war as a training ground for the journalist-writer; and, most important of all, the paramount place of journalism in American literature. (Almost all the writers Brooks describes seem to have been newspapermen or women at some time in their lives.)

Mr. Brooks's method is regional. He gives us a bird's-eye view of the literary terrain, finding its intensest point of expression in the Chicago of the World Exhibition period, a city having Dreiser for its Balzac and Veblen as its Socrates, its intellectual life humming "at the electrifying pace of a college yell." He shows us Boston stagnant, Philadelphia fossilised and the South with "full churchyards and empty wharves," lying fallow for a later generation. His vignettes have a lurid magic-lantern effect. One by one he pops in the slides: Stephen Crane note-taking in a Bowery snowstorm; Lafcadio Hearn wandering among the mulattoes on the New Orleans quayside; John Muir writing "with an eagle's feather picked up near the Yosemite"; Harding Davis, back from Cuba or the Balkans, looking lean and bronzed, "the perfect Gibson man, who might have married the Gibson girl" if he hadn't preferred being Hemingway's occupational godfather. In his anxiety to be a literary good American, Mr. Brooks is anxious to vindicate The Boys one and all, and at times it seems as if any writer, if he only stayed in America and wrote for long enough, is safe for an honourable mention. For the Europeanised writers he has little but contempt. One can forgive his malicious thumbnail sketches of Logan Pearsall Smith or Paul Elmer More, not his systematic deprecation of Edith Wharton.

Though his name occurs in the index, Henry James is conspicuous by his absence from this book. Like the Commander's Statue in *Don Giovanni* he stands, stony-eyed and merciless, a little on one side of Mr. Brooks's crowded stage, the tireless watcher on the threshold of art. The more Mr. Brooks raves about Dreiser, the more are we conscious of James's mute, compelling figure. In a way *The Confident Years* is an unconscious gloss on Lionel Trilling's "Reality in America," the essay inspired by V. L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. Mr. Brooks is no more aware than Parrington of the literary Great Debate between James and Dreiser. For him, as for Parrington, there exists, as Trilling says,

> A thing called reality; it is one and immutable, it is wholly external, it is irreducible. Men's minds may waver, but reality is always reliable, always the same, always easily to be known. And the artist's relation to reality he conceives as a simple one. Reality being fixed and given, the artist has but to let it pass through him, he is the lens in the first diagram of an elementary book on optics. . . .

James looked at life obliquely, through the artist's half-open door. Dreiser seized it by the throat and throttled it. Mr. Brooks writes eloquently of Dreiser's qualities of compassion and understanding, his ambivalent attitude to power and wealth, his response to the variety of American experience. The novelist never, he declares, "lost his sense of wonder." Yet, when all is said, Dreiser's American tragedies, however quick and stirring, remain unintegrated, unorganised. They are but the raw material of literature, just as *The Confident Years* is the raw material of a literary history. In art, as in everything else, exuberance is not enough.

JOHN RAYMOND

LOT, DORDOGNE AND TARN

Three Rivers of France. By FREDA WHITE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

If one wished to find one small region of the earth in which it is easy to appreciate the full wonder of human life and its persistent lapses into horror, one need not go farther than this sequestered, little known part of rural France. Miss White's *Three Rivers* are the Dordogne, the Lot and the Tarn, rivers dissecting those limestone territories where man's imaginative genius first flowered and where his relentless mind extended one of the most abominable persecutions in all history. The valley of the Dordogne holds most of the Stone Age art of France; the Albigensian inquisition fouled the southern part of the region with its most human mixture of cruelty and corruption. If one prefers to see the contrast in more modern guise then one can think of a land where men till and haul with slow, soft oxen, sit below trellised vines and make truffled pâtés and marrons glacés; where in 1944 many young men of the Maquis were shot down in cold blood in a public square.

Miss Freda White makes a most intelligent and sympathetic guide to this countryside of Périgord, Guienne, Quercy and Rouergue—old provincial names that recall so much of history in their ancient syllables. She not only tours from town to village through them all, and describes their buildings, their people and their natural background, but also adds practical notes about hotels, travel and many other things that are important if high-thinking visitors are to maintain their height.

As an ancient historian Miss White is less well endowed. With its superb painted caves, its museums where the physical remains of the Old Stone Age hunters and their possession are abundantly assembled, and the many classic sites whose names are now a part of world prehistory, this area can claim to be the leading centre for the study and enjoyment of palæolithic remains. It is therefore unfortunate that the author has not made a better attempt to understand the period either locally or at large. The chapter devoted to the caves contains too many generalities, too few directions to the best sites and a number of easily avoidable mistakes. When it is quite unnecessary to mention the Neanderthal Skull at all, why give the wrong year for its discovery and attribute it to Switzerland instead of to Prussia? Cro-Magnon Man is a fully developed modern type and not "half beast, half man"; Magdalenian Man cannot properly be compared with him as this is a cultural term without racial significance. Miss White says that archæologists are engaged in battle like Tweedledum and Tweedledee; that they do it to "keep the claws of their minds sharpened," and that ordinary men should look on like spectators at a tennis-match. This argument is as confused as the images through which it is expressed. A great many facts about the Old Stone Age are by now established, and it would have been wiser to master them.

I get the impression that Miss White is not fully at ease with her historical facts until she reaches the Middle Ages, but here her affectionate knowledge and the architectural treasures of her region are most happily married. It is good to read her on the romanesque churches so plentiful in this part of France, and on the castles that commemorate the long struggle between Capet and Angevin, France and Aquitaine. Perhaps, however, she is at her best where we should wish her to be—in conveying a feeling for this countryside as we inherit it to-day. A countryside where even the humblest buildings, the farms with their great barns and towery dovecots, the close-shouldering village houses, show a graciousness of detail and proportion that can only spring from a deeply rooted civilisation. It is the same

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PUTNAM

civilisation that appears in the sound talk of its people.

Miss White's agreeable account of them should encourage the exploration of the Three Rivers and their provinces. Yet I hope many more people will read her book than will set out as tourists. I should like the great expanses of the limestone *causses* to remain as strange and lonely as they are to-day, the gorges and ravines as wild, and the country roads to be left largely to those who use them to go about their own business. So I say to her prospective public, read and enjoy, but don't all go to see for yourselves.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

THE LIMITS OF VIRTUOSITY

Europa and the Bull. By W. R. RODGERS. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

An Acre of Land. By R. S. THOMAS. *Montgomeryshire Printing Company, Newtown.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Thomas both spring from stubborn outposts of our culture in alien settings, Protestant Ireland and English-speaking Wales. It probably helps them as poets that they neither of them, therefore, take the extraordinary potentialities of our language for granted. Their two books differ from the average contemporary verse by Southern Englishmen that comes up for review in that one feels the two poets are regarding the words they use with astonishment and delight, and handling them—in this owing something, no doubt, also, to a pastoral background—with a craftsman's reverent skill. The language has not simply gone stale on them, as it tends to go stale on the native metropolitan. At the same time, that craftsman's skill, at least in the case of Mr. Rodgers, is so exuberantly self-delighting that the mere splendid thud and clatter sometimes quite distract one from the sense. Though Mr. Thomas has that Welsh gift for consonantal patterning which can lead in English to mere virtuosity, his sober concern for what he is saying saves him from that. It would be quite unfair to describe Mr. Rodgers as a "mere virtuoso," but a virtuoso, among other things, he certainly is, both in his rhythmical effects and in the novelty of his choice of words. The rhythm, to use a fine phrase of his own about smoke from a moving train, "wallabies wildly away"—it leaps and lollops, with a bounding, sometimes comical grace. In the long run that may have a paradoxical effect of lullaby; we are tossed up in the air, but Mr. Rodgers is an acrobat, and we know we shall fall soft.

Mr. Rodgers is perhaps a poet to be heard, or to read aloud to oneself, rather than to read silently. The mere muscle of his lines forces an incipient mouthing. One strenuously mimics the verse-shapes,

> . . . fidget of midges that flag the flow
> Far below . . .

and may find oneself missing the larger shape of the poem. The rhythms hurry one on, the words tug at one's sleeve, to slow one down. Three obvious technical influences are Hopkins (but not very much of his contorted syntax), Mr. Dylan Thomas (but none of his blurry waking-from-a-deep-sleep imagery), and, for sheer boisterous fun, Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Rodgers has a more interesting mind than Lindsay, but he has the same gift of keeping up, very evenly, an improbable display of energy throughout a long poem. He is extremely good at expansive improvisation:

> A slow and deferent fog
> Rose up and fawned on them, evasively
> Lolling its different tongues eleven ways
> Like any dog.

If the fog had to be like the dog for the rhyme, one still admires the skull that links them by these plausible tongues. But the gift of making much of little is often inimical to the gift of making little of much; in other words, Mr. Rodgers's leaping advances do not very often provide us with those points of rest at which two or three lines can sum up the poem. It is interesting, from this point of view, to compare his poem, *The Journey of the Magi*, with Eliot's famous treatment of the same theme. Rodgers's poem, a much longer one, is full of convincing human detail, some of it, like the lines on Herod, very gay and witty,

> " . . . Rank has its obligations, and in fact
> The first is to preserve itself intact."

But the vivid details, scenery, jokes, anachronisms, are oddly incongruous with each other; and we are left with no firm impression of a total approach to the theme. For the sense of miracle, we have to turn to Mr. Rodgers's pagan and secular pieces, with their vigorous and determined sacramentalisation of sex:

> Quick, woman, in your net
> Catch the silver I flung!
> O I am deep in your debt,
> Draw tight, skin-tight, the string,
> And rake the silver in.
> No fisher ever yet
> Drew such a cunning ring.

These slightly breathless but very beautiful lines are perhaps a fair sample of Mr. Rodgers's best qualities—the eagerness, the gaiety, the skin of language stretched bright and tight to drum on. There are other things still that we ask from poetry, but we should be grateful indeed to Mr. Rodgers for what he has so buoyantly given.

Mr. Thomas is a graver and sadder, perhaps a less ambitious, certainly a less showy, poet. His scene is Welsh hill farming country, one of his main themes the contrast between beauty of a landscape and harshness and poverty of the life, even the spiritual life, it feeds. His poems strike me as more "about" something than Mr. Rodgers's, as springing more from an actual way of life and taking up more of a definite attitude to it. I have not left myself much space to indicate his quality, but perhaps this short poem will suggest that Mr. Thomas, in his quieter way, is also somebody not to be missed:

> Wandering, wandering, hoping to find
> The ring of mushrooms with the wet rind,
> Cold to the touch, but bright with dew,
> A green asylum from time's range.
> And finding instead the harsh ways
> Of the ruinous wind and the clawed rain;
> The storm's hysteria in the bush;
> The wild creatures and their pain.

There is the one gift there that the bad fairy took away from Mr. Rodgers when the good fairies endowed him with lavishness: economy. But it is easy to carp, and it is better to be able to praise. These two books set each other off very well, and it is pleasant to come across anything so good in such a slack season.

G. S. FRASER

NEW NOVELS

Doting. By HENRY GREEN. *Hogarth Press.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Sybil. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Holy Sinner. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Lonely Aren't Alone. By J. B. FICK. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is over a quarter of a century since Mr. Henry Green made his début in a literary world now strikingly remote from us. Galsworthy and Walpole were its most representative writers, Firbank and Virginia Woolf its *avant-garde*, while Cabinet Ministers and Bishops, abandoning an earlier practice of reading Homer and the Fathers, were discovering Hercule Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey and Jeeves. In *Blindness* (1926) Mr. Green was the first to speak for a new generation of novelists; by writing his first novel before he became of age he got in ahead of Mr. Evelyn Waugh (1928), Mr. Isherwood (1928), and Mr. Graham Green (1929). Perhaps because it is known that Mr. Green was so young when he wrote *Blindness* it has usually been dismissed rather lightly even by his admirers; too lightly, in my opinion. It is true that it had a great deal of manner, but its elegance, the sharpness of its feeling, its elliptic intelligence, its lack of sentimentality and "appeal," these combined to give it a flavour unusual in 1926. Although it bore marks of immaturity *Blindness* belonged nevertheless to a new age in which "adult" was to become a stock word of approval.

Since those days Mr. Green's reputation has spread slowly, and not perhaps steadily, but progressively, until for several years now it has been seeping into the consciousness of the general reading public. Readers who cared profoundly about style have always been fascinated by Mr. Green's, and because such readers are few but influential their mention of his name has been received as a kind of tip from the literary stable, valued for snobbish reasons as well as for more worthy ones, but often acted on anyway. Mr. Green has accordingly become, among other things, one of the recognised irritants of a public taste which still clings loyally to its Forsytes and Herries. This, however, may be a sign that public taste is about to make a pearl of him. And so an interesting situation is arising. The public is overtaking Mr. Green, and Mr. Green is, it must seem to his most devoted admirers, if not standing still, then at any rate not moving so fast as might have been expected.

Here let me say how admirable a book *Doting* is. Witty, stylish, poignant, mordantly funny and horribly sad, it makes one think, in its delicacy and its relentlessness, of a surgical operation. An operation upon the feelings, it lays them bare with pitiless method, which is also full of pity, for we cannot remember too often that in writing such as this, the pity is in the poetry. As for the artistry, the scintillating virtuosity of the surgeon—that, for the student, is a privilege to watch. The book is composed very largely of dialogue, description and interpretation having been cut to an absolute minimum. It deals—and here its shimmering lightness is deceptive—with a disintegrating society, that society of the rich which Mr. Green writes about when he is not writing about the working class, and the particular symptom of disintegration which starts this book off is the inability of this society to provide a mating machinery to replace the over-elaborate machinery of presentation at Court, London

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Season, country house entertaining, and so on. The two young girls in this book, both of whom would have been débutantes before the war, now work in an office, "never meet anyone," and in consequence both take up with men old enough to be their fathers. Of these one is a widower, but one is married, and we thus have five people whose relationships compose the pattern. The main relationship is between Arthur Middleton and Annabel Paynton; the main incident Diana Middleton's finding her husband and Annabel Paynton with her skirt off. With what brilliant, tingling sympathy Mr. Green writes of the erotic! With what an eighteenth-century realism he realises the essential tragi-comedy of love—the position is ridiculous!

Why is this brilliant, moving work a little disappointing? Not because it is slight, because it is not slight; nor because it is repetitive, since it is not more repetitive than the work of many great writers who have been preoccupied with certain themes and situations. It is a little disappointing, rather, because it is not, as publishers are fond of saying, "an advance on his last book"; because it is the kind of book that Mr. Green's audience might have expected him to write; because it is not surprising. With a writer of Mr. Green's quality one is entitled to expect, at this stage in his career, some new departure, the reaching of some new level. Mr. Green has made two such departures, such advances, already; in *Living* and in *Loving*, and the time has come for a third. When it comes it will, I believe, be shown forth, among other ways, in a cleaning up of Mr. Green's style, which for all its subtlety, its sinuous flexibility, its poetry and wit, is marred by turns of phrase which have become mechanical.

Mr. Auchincloss's earlier book of short stories, *The Injustice Collectors*, received so much praise that it seemed reasonable to hope that his novel would be something remarkable. I accordingly began it with every possible sympathy. My sympathy was a trifle weakened when I found that the eponymous Sybil was a thoughtful, very sympathetic, shy, farouche young girl, who had no success at dances, but was ready to give her heart to whoever found the right approach to it. Young girls of this general character are so numerous in the contemporary novel that it is hard to avoid suspicion that they are merely a kind of littérateur's dreamboat; Sybil is typical in being so full of charm that it hard to credit the neglect under which she suffers. If only, the reader—at least the masculine reader—thinks, if only I had been there, I would have shown these boors how this difficult young charmer should be approached! In fact Sybil is approached, and her heart is won, by a young man who turns out to be sadly unworthy of her; and it is in the skilful revelation of his unworthiness, his coarseness, his commonplace inconstancy, that Mr. Auchincloss shows his best form. This, however, isn't enough to make a novel, and for the rest *Sybil*, while retaining its tone of urbane perceptiveness, and providing some agreeable and intelligent entertainment, does not seem to me to rise very high above the standard of fiction in the better-class women's magazines.

With *The Holy Sinner* we are, of course, in a different field, but not perhaps so wildly different as might appear, for although this novel is based upon a legend of the Dark Ages it is rather a diversion or entertainment than a novel *au grand sérieux*. The legend is that of a certain Gregory who, the incestuous offspring of noble parents, is cast away upon the sea, but returns at the age of eighteen and marries his own mother (who then incidentally bears children to which she is mother, grandmother and great-aunt). When Gregory discovers that his wife is also his mother he gives himself up to many years of penance, during which he is miraculously sustained. A Pope being required, his existence and holiness are miraculously revealed at Rome, and he is sought out and elected. This edifying tale is put into the mouth of an Irish monk, and it has flashes of that distinction which a work by Dr. Thomas Mann could hardly altogether lack. The language, however, in which it is told, is heavily laced with the most weird jargon, here a kind of Norman-French, there an attempt to render dialect, and elsewhere what Sir Walter Scott called the big bow-wow. With all respect to Dr. Thomas Mann and his translator, whose work I am not qualified to judge, this kind of thing seems to me disastrous:

> "Mild Mary, gracious Maria, sweetest Maria, *benedictus fructus, ventris tui! Stella maris*, art thou called from the star that guides from far the weary bark to land, thus likewise hadst thou planned the way to me of thee so lovely boy in whom I have such joy by day and night since he me healing brought with his firm-holding hand and saved the land."

As for Mr. J. B. Pick's new novel, it is alternately admirable and irritating, and at the end the balance of the reader's feelings will probably be about even. It is set largely in the T.B. ward of a general hospital in a rather forbidding provincial town, and all the patients are apparently hopeless cases, moving as they become worse round the ward and into the private room reserved for those very near death. Mr. Pick conveys the humanity of this dreadful situation in flashes which are a rare combination of power, compassion, coolness, and a kind of exquisite realism, and the character of the saintly male nurse, Tom Gravely, a kind of Dostoievskian idiot of the English provinces, is well done. But Mr. Pick spoils his effects by a peculiar kind of unsuccessful comedy, partly verbal, an injection of slapstick into tragedy which could hardly succeed below the level of Shakespeare. The book also goes a little soft and intense at the end. If Mr. Pick wrote continuously at his highest level he would be a very fine writer indeed; so far some impatience, arrogance, cussedness or immaturity seems to have prevented him.

J. D. SCOTT

SHORTER REVIEWS

The General and the President. By R. H. ROVERE and A. M. SCHLESINGER. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

This book, which has already been discussed in the editorial columns of this journal, is the most coherent account yet to appear of General MacArthur's decline and fall. Its authors are, respectively, the Washington correspondent of the *New Yorker* and the young Harvard professor who is one of the most active liberals in the United States. The summary of MacArthur's career up to the outbreak of the Korean war is fairminded, but it serves admirably to set off his later arrogance and insubordination. The actual events in Korea are compressed into comparatively few pages, and the authors make no real effort to disentangle some of the more bothersome riddles of the campaign—as I. F. Stone has done, for instance, in his newspaper articles—because their real purpose is to defend both Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson against their Republican critics. Thus, when they come to an analysis of the Senate inquiry into MacArthur's dismissal, they are at their most incisive and least embarrassed. It is a fascinating story, as instructive in U.S. domestic politics as in the tortuous ways of the Korean War and of the participating United Nations. A good part of the real case against MacArthur is made here, especially in the eighty pages of extracts from testimony before the Senate Committee. But it is not the whole case, because the authors and Mr. Truman alike share certain assumptions with the MacArthurites that are not shared, for example, by many in Britain. Their book, none the less, is important and highly readable, and is indispensable to those who seek to make sense from the American policy in the Far East.

Secular Lyrics of the XIV and XV Centuries. Edited by ROSSELL HOPE ROBBINS. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

This collection is a sequel to the anthologies of religious verse of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries made by Carleton Brown; and like them it stems from a work of pure scholarship. Its editor collaborated with Brown in the compilation of an index of Middle English Verse, and from a study of many manuscripts selected the poems printed here. Primarily it is a book for serious students. Readers who are put off Chaucer because of the unfamiliar words and spelling will not make much of this volume; but amateurs with a smattering of Middle English, who are neither too lazy nor too proud to use the good glossary, will find much here to entertain and reward them.

The first half of the book is the livelier; there are some fine pieces of ribaldry among the popular songs, and a superb nonsense poem, *When to trust Women*, which calls out for illustrations by Hieronymus Bosch. A number of charms and prognostications have been printed here for the first time, and the whole section "Practical Verse" is of special interest. We tend to forget how much our unlettered forbears relied on tags and jingles to recall useful facts to their memories. Coming upon "Thirti dayes hath nouembir" we are reminded, too, how chancy is the survival of popular verse. A few lines are jotted down on a fly-leaf or in a commonplace book, and by a series of hazards they are preserved for posterity; but how many hundreds of others, no less current, must have been lost! The courtly poems which occupy the second half of the volume, and the more sophisticated didactic pieces, like Lydgate's *Dietary*, were of course deliberately literary, and stood a better chance of survival. Unfortunately many of them can only be called stereotyped; though there are among them a few charming lyrics that anticipate Wyatt both in tone and form.

The Autobiography of Frank Richards. *Charles Skilton* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Coming from the author of 60 million words on the subject of Billy Bunter and his friends, this autobiography is peculiarly reticent and, indeed, evasive: "Frank Richards will not give a description of scenery in the Austrian Tyrol"; "Rome has been done so often, that Frank mercifully refrains from doing it again"; "This chapter is about a curious personality, whose identity it would be interesting not to reveal." It is written throughout in the third person, but without any of the objectivity which that device implies. Like Stendhal, Frank Richards dislikes the *mot*; like Mehitabel, he describes himself as "*toujours gai*"; like the author of the Psalms, he irrigates his sentences with colons. But the results of this promising merger are disappointingly colourless.

The explanation seems to be that the process of creation, to this septuagenarian Balzac of the Remove, has always been as effortless as it is to a Queen Ant, and therefore not worth describing. In the crater of Vesuvius and in Hampstead Garden Suburb, through wars and rumours of wars, his yearly output of 1,500,000 words never flagged—"Remington," as he puts it, "clicked as cheerily as ever." Accompanied by Remington, he trod the beaten tracks of Europe—Monte Carlo ("quite unreal"), Munich ("a jolly time"), Venice ("Frank loved Venice")—without, apparently making any discoveries either about those places or about himself. The South Seas, regrettably, were out of the question, since copy sent from there to the *Magnet* would inevitably have been late for press. Life went uneventfully on, to the rhythm of Remington chattering out "Yaroos" and "Ouches" at the rate of 50 words a minute. It was not in Oberammergau or Pompeii that reality was to be found, but at Greyfriars and St. Jim's.

The Blind Eye of History. By CHARLES REITH. *Faber.* 18*s.*

"Whether the social and other historians like it or not," says Mr. Reith, who believes that they don't, "they cannot explain away as a fortuitous coincidence" the fact that the growth of orderliness and "love of law" has accompanied the growth of the modern police system. The "blind eye" is the one with which they have failed even to see it. Mr. Reith himself, although you have to classify him under "other historians," is the only one gifted with sight. He makes no pretence of discovering facts that have lain undisturbed by the pen of man. He merely recounts, in strenuous and rather awkward prose, the story of police action from Babylonia to Peterloo, from Tutenkhamen to Scotland Yard (discovering on the way that ancient Rome's "ignorance of the essential needs of rulership was profound"); and he requires you to recognise that it is policemen who have shaped our ends.

The menace from which the world suffers to-day, he says, is not Communism. It is a clash between the democratic and the authoritarian police systems, and "the alliance of Communism with the latter is incidental." The primary cause of the last war was

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No consideration is more important than provision for wearing-out of tonnage. Official depreciation in 1951 at £2,475,930 is again notional and out of line with the current price of renewing tonnage of which the annual wearing-out should be charged against annual voyage accounts. In consequence the computation of profit for tax purposes opens a tax draincock through which capital assets are lost, instead of being conserved for building new tonnage, and so it remains urgent to increase reserves.

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the new police organisations of Italy and Germany—and he really says "primary." The United Nations may be obliged to destroy the police tyranny in Soviet Russia "at the cost of a third world war." The police of this country are not the children of democracy; democracy is the child of policemanship. This is a muddled and strident book, the work of a man with a mystique and a megaphone, using history as a rostrum. Setting up democracy and the British bobby as the chicken and the egg, it proves that the egg came first.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Chamber Music and Piano. MOZART: String Quartets in B flat major, K 458, and C major, K 465 (Kroll Qt. *ALX 86). A very sensible coupling, and one which supplies a felt need, for the Philharmonia Quartet issues were inadequate to the beauty of the music, and that of K 458 (the "Hunt") has in any case been deleted. The Kroll Quartet, using the Einstein edition, gives admirably considered readings, agreeable in tone and extremely well recorded. MOZART: Piano Sonatas: B flat major, K 281; B flat major, K 570; G major, K 283; C major, K 545 (Blancard. *LXT 2666). Jacqueline Blancard's laudable determination to avoid the merely pretty lands her in occasional hardness, as well as a lack of suppleness in rhythm and some misplaced accents. Otherwise this is a well-made record, and the choice of sonatas is sensibly unhackneyed. BACH: Violin Sonata No. 3, E major (Menuhin/Kentner. DB 21435-7). Kentner's beautiful management of the piano part is to my mind the best feature of this set. Menuhin's phrasing strikes me as imperfectly careful, and his E string, as recorded, has quite a different quality from the rest. All the same, there is much to enjoy in the performance and the sonata itself is the best of the set. BACH: *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* (Selbiger (harpsichord). LX 8915-6). Liselotte Selbiger is a most efficient performer, but her registration is not nearly as imaginative as Landowska's (in the deplorably deleted set), nor has her touch the same electric glitter. In the *Fantasia* she treats at least one of the chromatic chordal sequences quite differently from Landowska—with inferior dramatic effect. On the whole, I prefer Schnabel's piano version to the new set, though the more modern instrument is undeniably less suited to the music. HANDEL: Suite No. 5, E major (Gieseking. LX 1532). Gieseking's attempt to make the piano sound like a harpsichord by a jerky delivery intended (I suppose) to imitate the resistance of the quill to the wire, is cleverly done but inimical to the flow of the music. In the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, which constitute the Finale of the Suite, he is markedly inferior to Rachmaninoff, whose marvellous (if perhaps a little too virtuosic) performance is luckily still obtainable. TELEMANN: *Fantasias*, D minor and G minor (Lechner (harpsichord) C 4167). Irmgard Lechner plays these pleasant, though not deeply interesting pieces in good style, but her instrument is too heavily recorded and the tone is woofy and unreal. CHOPIN: Nocturnes, F major, Op. 15, No. 1, and C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1 (Cortot. DB 21447). Cortot's playing of the F major Nocturne is breath-takingly beautiful, although in the strenuous middle section certain weaknesses are ill concealed by the sustaining pedal. In the C sharp minor Nocturne I greatly prefer Stefanska's almost perfect record (H.M.V.). Cortot fails to keep the arpeggio accompaniment as calm as it ought to be, and again he pedals too heavily; but the disc is worth buying for the other Nocturne alone. LISZT: *En rêve; Richard Wagner—Venezia* (Kentner. DX 1822). The first of these two short pieces is a two-page lyric of Chopinesque tenderness, with a most poetic ending. The second is one of Liszt's more astonishing harmonic experiments. Both belong to the last years of his life. They are most understandingly played and well recorded.

Vocal. MONTEVERDI: *Laudate Dominum; Ut queant; Beatus vir* (Giancola/Amadini/Cortis, etc./Chamber Orch. of Scuola Veneziana/Ephrikian. *PLP 536). These three pieces display the "new style" of Monteverdi at its most expressive and least monotonous. They are sung in good style and the recording is well balanced. No mention is made, either on the label or the envelope, of the three further pieces (two arias and a duet) which are sung after the psalm, *Beatus vir*. They make agreeable listening, but Monteverdi died in 1643 and I will eat my hat if any of the mysterious items was written before 1700. BACH: Church Cantatas; No. 51—"Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"; No. 189—"Meine Seele rühmt" (Guillaume/Stemann/Bach Chamber Orch./Grischkat. *PLP 235). In the first of these cantatas Margot Guillaume gives a dazzling display of smooth and agile singing. I find this version of the cantata superior to that of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Col.) who, though excellent in the slow sections, makes heavy weather of the divisions. No. 189, written for the fourth Sunday after Easter, consists of two very beautiful arias, and is scored for recorder, violin and harpsichord continuo. It is respectably sung and well balanced, but the recording is not perfectly in focus. VIVALDI: *Juditha Triumphans* (Soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Scuola Veneziana. *PLP 533. 3 discs). This recently discovered oratorio was composed in 1716. Though perhaps over-long, it was well worth reviving, for it contains some very beautiful numbers and, within the limits of a rather stiff convention, it is dramatic. Among the soloists the baritone stands head and shoulders above the rest: the tenor has a snarling tone and Juditha herself, besides being unequal to the difficulties of her part, sings throughout in a monotonous forte which becomes very tedious. The orchestral tone is on the whole good and the recording adequate. With all its faults this enterprising issue deserves support. COUPERIN: *Deuxième Leçon de Ténèbres* (Cuenod/2 violins, viola da gamba and harpsichord. *ALX 3003). An extraordinarily beautiful record. The words are from the Lamentations of Jeremiah and are part of the nocturnal Office for Wednesday in Holy week. That admirable artist, Hugues Cuenod, manages the solo with the most expressive variety of tone, and his diction is immaculate. He is tastefully accompanied and the recording is excellent. The reverse contains the motet, *audite omnes*, and three songs. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Pique Dame*—"'Twill soon be midnight now"; DVORAK: *Rusalka*—"O silver moon" (Hammond. DB 21451). Joan Hammond sings Lisa's outbursts of tragic foreboding with fervour and without the stylistic defects with which (for me at least) mar so many of her records; but I do not think her assumption in any way equal to that of Ljuba Welitsch (Decca LP and SP), and the English translation is not as happy as the German. Dvorak's fairy opera contains some of his best vocal music; "O silver moon" is a strikingly beautiful and romantic scena. Miss Hammond sings it with intelligence and feeling, and the big climax is successfully negotiated.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,159

Set by Richard Hamilton

A famous Regimental Motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" has been rendered as "Keep off the grass." Prizes are offered for suitable idiomatic renderings of three of the following: Sic transit gloria mundi!; Mens sana in corpore sano; Absit omen!; O tempora! O mores!; Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose; Fay ce que vouldras!; Il faut cultiver notre jardin; Pour encourager les autres; Honi soit qui mal y pense. Entries by May 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,156

Set by J. B. Roderic

The sub-titic, used in many nineteenth-century novels (*Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since—Coningsby, or the New Generation—The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family—Vanity Fair: A Novel Without a Hero—Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor*) has gone out of fashion. Competitors are invited to supply sub-titles to the following novels: *The Waves, Nothing, The Razor's Edge, The Naked and the Dead, The End of the Affair, The Blessing*. The usual prizes are offered for the best sets of six.

Report by J. B. Roderic

Not a very rewarding entry: clever invention could not by itself redeem sketchy knowledge of the books. Too many aimed at merely a smart alternative: the explanatory possibilities of the subtitle (of which that to *The Newcomes* was an example) were largely ignored. Here are some of the occasional lucky hits scored in otherwise unsuccessful lists:

THE WAVES, or *The Virgins' Farewell.*
NOTHING, or *A Comedy of no Consequence.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *A Story of Sharp Division between Principle and Practice; Ought We to Visit Her?*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *Uncle Sam's Other Island; The Language of War.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *God Was My Rival; A Bad Woman Goes to the Good; A Suburban Entertainment; The Heart of the Matter.*
THE BLESSING, or *Love in a Warm Climate; A Tale of High Life.*

The first prize of two guineas to R. Wuliger, all of whose six shots score; one guinea each to J. R. Till, Con Morgan, Eric Swainson and D. W. Barker, all wide of the mark in one.

THE WAVES, or *Through A Glass Lightly.*
NOTHING, or *Consanguinity Observed.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *Of Human Bondage Revisited.*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *The Rise and Fall of the Fuggers.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *All for Hate.*
THE BLESSING, or *The Blue-Eyed Monster.*

R. WULIGER

THE WAVES, or *Six Characters in Search of a Pattern.*
NOTHING, or *The Widow's Mite.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *The Non-Attached Navel.*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *a Primer in Anglo-Saxon without Tears.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *Gone to Seed on the Common.*
THE BLESSING, or *Continents and Continence.*

J. R. TILL

THE WAVES, or *Percival's Passage to India.*
NOTHING, or *In Pursuit of a Full Stop.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *A'Shavian in the Maugham.*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *Clothed in Splashed Samite.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *A Return to Greene Pastures.*
THE BLESSING, or *Fly, Before He Kills You!*

CON MORGAN

THE WAVES, or *Life at the Seaside.*
NOTHING, or *Vicissitudes of Vacuity.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *A Young Shaver's Adventures on the Straight and Narrow Path.*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *A Handbook for Naturists and Cadavers.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *There's No Smoke Without a Light.*
THE BLESSING, or *Wanderings in Search of the Unforgivable.*

ERIC SWAINSON

THE WAVES, or *Time and Tide.*
NOTHING, or *How Green was this Millie.*
THE RAZOR'S EDGE, or *Of Superhuman Bondage.*
THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, or *We Broke all Ten Commandments.*
THE END OF THE AFFAIR, or *A Case of Mass Psychopathology.*
—THE BLESSING, or *The Wedge in the Wedlock.*

D. W. BARKER

CHESS: Glory of the Untouchable

No. 136

Chess players may disagree on many of the finer points concerning their game and even on fundamentals, but the one thing we all enjoy is a position where a piece or two can be left *en prise* and yet taboo. To see the triumph of spirit over matter so clearly demonstrated is a never failing source of delight. Here is a particularly pleasing example which I found in a book just published in America by Reuben Fine, and containing a selection of some of the finest games played in the last 350 years. This one—Adams-Torre, New Orleans 1925—is concluded by what Fine calls "a combination unique in the annals of Chess."

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(13) P x P	R-K1
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(14) KR-K1	P-QR4
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(15) R-K2	R-QB1
(4) Q x P	Kt-QB3	(16) QR-K1	Q-Q2
(5) B-QKt5	B-Q2	(17) B x Kt !	B x B
(6) B x Kt	B x B	(18) Q-KKt4 ! !	Q-Kt4
(7) Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(19) Q-QB4 !	Q-Q2
(8) 0-0	B-K2	(20) Q-B7 ! !	Q-Kt4
(9) Kt-Q5	B x Kt	(21) P-QR4 !	Q x RP
(10) P x B	0-0	(22) R-K4 ! !	Q-Kt4
(11) B-Kt5	P-B3	(23) Q x KtP ! ! !	resigns
(12) P-B4	P x P		

After so prodigious a display of exclamation marks we may well need a few more to describe what happened in this position reached by a humble club-player (Korchmar) in 1937 and reported in K. Richter's *Schachmatt* (de Gruyter 1950).

(1) Kt-Kt4 !	P x Kt
(2) Q x Kt ! !	Q-Q2
(3) Q-Q5 !	K-B1
(4) R x P ! !	Q x Q
(5) R-Kt8 ch !	K x R

(6) R-K8 ch, and mates next move.

At Paul Heuäcker 1930

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—should be amply rated with five ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that this instructive little study (not unlike one of Rinck's the other day) has the obvious basic idea of restraining the Black B from guarding the promotion square of the White P. In **B**—White to win—we have that grand old master—alas, he died recently—with an equally instructive, though rather more difficult study, well worth six points. To earn their 7 points for **C**—White to win—competitors might usefully bear in mind that White's seemingly extravagant *largesse* in dealing with his rooks is rather in keeping with the subject matter of this week's article.

B: Henri Rinck

C: G. Bernhardt 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by May 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 19

A: (1) K-Kt3, K-B2 (or B4). (2) K-B4, K-B3. (3) K-Kt4 etc.
B: (1) P-K7, K-Q7 ! (2) P queens, P-K8(Kt) ch. (3) Q x Kt, K x Q. (4) K-K5, K-B6. (5) K-B5 ! K-K08. (6) K-K2, K-B8. (7) K-K1 ! K x P. (8) K-B1, K-B8. (9) P-B1.
If (1) . . . . . P queens. (2) P queens, Q x Q stalemate.
If (2) . . . . . P queens. (3) Q-K1 ch.

C: (1) K-B1, K-K8. (2) K-Kt2, B-Q7. (3) K-R2, B-K8. (4) K-R1, B-B6 ch. (5) K-Kt1, B-Q7. (6) K-Kt2, B-K8. (7) K-B1, B-B6. (8) K-Q1, P-Q7. (9) K-B2, P queens ch. (10) K x Q and wins the B, with mate to follow.

Many competitors, accepting my little hint, saw that what mattered in **A** and **C** was to achieve the basic position with Black to move. Quite a few, though, dropped a point or two by failing to see all subtleties of **B**. Prizes shared by G. E. Crow, H. F. Moxon, S. Shapiro. Equally flawless solutions from at least a dozen others who figured in the prize-list during the last few weeks.

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SUDAN Government. The Ministry of Education requires an Inspector, Rural Science, in the Institute of Education, Bakht er Ruda. A University degree in Agriculture or a National Diploma in Horticulture is essential. Experience of teaching in a modern school, organising Young Farmers' Clubs or a similar educational experience is desirable. Age 25 to 40. Appointment will be on probation for Short Term Contract up to six years in the salary scale £950 to £1,675. A cost of living allowance may also be payable. Starting rate would be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. Outfit allowance of £E50. Free passage on appointment. There is at present no Income Tax in the Sudan. Further details and application form will be sent on receipt of a postcard only addressed to The Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, quoting "Inspector Rural Science 1016," and name and address in block letters.

LANCASHIRE County Library. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £470 × £15—£515. Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to be forwarded to the County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by May 17.

B.B.C. requires Script Supervisor for Television Service with responsibility for safe custody, reading, assessing and recording all scripts or stories submitted to or commissioned by Television Drama Department. Duties range from encouragement and instruction to writers of promise to preparation of final shooting scripts. Applicants must be able to show awareness of special requirements and possibilities of Television medium and that they are capable of organising work of readers, adaptors and clerical staff. Previous experience of similar work in films, theatre or journalism an advantage. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum of £1,330. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Script Supvr. Tel. N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

ADMIRALTY: Civil Hydrographic Officer. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least eight pensionable appointments in the Hydrographic Department. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 years of age on March 1, 1952, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for other Forces service. They must possess a good Honours Degree in either Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Geology, or a kindred subject, or a qualification considered by the Commissioners to be equivalent. All candidates must have reached at least matriculation standard in Mathematics, or the ordinary level in Mathematics at the G.C.E. A reading knowledge of one or more foreign languages and an interest in Maps and Charts and Surveying Methods will be additional recommendations. Inclusive salary scales (London): Men, £963 by 21 annual increments to £917; Women, £963 by 17 annual increments to £786. Starting pay may be increased in respect of approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service in H.M. Forces. Prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S217/52. Completed application forms must be returned by May 29, 1952.

AIR Ministry. Chief Woman Personnel Officer. The Air Ministry invite applications from women for a temporary appointment in the Royal Observer Corps with the rank of Observer Lieutenant. There are prospects of permanent appointment later. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of Women's Welfare in industry, social service or the Women's Services and applicants must be prepared to serve anywhere within the United Kingdom. The minimum age for appointment is 30. Salary scale (London): £485 - £15—£560 (rather less in the provinces), plus an addition of 10% on first £500 and 5% on remainder. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry (S.5g), Cornwall House, Stamford St., London, S.E.1. Completed application forms must be returned by May 31, 1952.

SECRETARY: Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to The Vegetarian Society. Applicants, who must be vegetarians, should give full particulars of education, secretarial experience (including committee work), journalism and lecturing, and state age and salary required. Any other relevant details, including references, should be addressed "Secretaryship," The Vegetarian Society, Bank Square, Wilmslow, Manchester, not later than May 31.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Finnish Programme Organiser for European Services (must be British nationality). Duties: planning broadcasts in Finnish to Finland, including news and political commentaries on world scene and programmes designed to explain political, economic, social and cultural conditions in Britain, organising and superintending work of Finnish Section. Essential qualifications: good first-hand knowledge of Finland, wide political and cultural interests, good understanding of foreign affairs. Journalistic or broadcasting experience and knowledge of Finnish language are desirable. Salary £900 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,195. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Finnish P.O. N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose s.a.e. env.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prison Service, at Leeds and Birmingham. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, involve the carrying out of intelligence and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary scales: men £418 by 4 increments to £484 per annum; women £335 by 4 increments to £390 per annum. The minimum of £418 (men), £335 (women) is linked to age. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by 1 increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84/4/13), Prison Commission, Dan Mylie St., London, S.W.1, to be returned by May 24, 1952.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following resident posts in the Romford district. Conditions of service in accordance with the Ancillary Staffs Council's Scheme. Applications to be sent to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, and any forms subsequently completed to be sent to Employment Exchange, Chelmsford, with reference quoted as indicated: House Mother for short-stay Home for 30 children to deputise for Superintendent and Matron when required. Salary £315 9s. per annum less £75 12s. for emoluments. Reference ECC/W/24/C. Assistant Relief House Father: Relief duties in Children's Homes in the Romford district including a group of backward boys. Salary £372 16s. per annum less £75 12s. for emoluments. Reference ECC/M/23/C.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officers in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £545 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointments subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and exp., and names of referees of 2 persons to whom ref. may be made, shd. reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by May 19, 1952. Canvassing forbidden.

WILTSHIRE County Council, Education Committee.—Applications invited for Leader-Organiser at Chippenham. The officer will be responsible for the development of Youth Service activities in the town and will act as Warden of small Youth Centre and Leader of small Youth Club. Recognised training and experience is essential. Salary: £400 × £15 × £25 × £15—£470 per annum. Superannuable appointment, subject to medical examination. Canvassing disqualifies. Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

MARYPORT Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the position of Warden of the Maryport Educational Settlement. Preference will be given to a Graduate. The Warden will be required to devote his or her whole time to the work of the Settlement; duties include organising educational and social activities and generally to take charge of and supervise the Settlement activities. Ability to teach or lecture desirable. Commencing salary £350 to £450 according to age and experience, plus use of furnished flat during the currency of the appointment, lighting and heating (estimated value £125 per annum). Applications with copies of not more than three recent testimonials should be sent to the Chairman, T. H. Stokoe, 5 Park Terrace, Maryport, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

OAKWOOD Hospital, Maidstone. Applications are invited for the appointment of qualified Psychiatric Social Worker at the above mental hospital of 2,200 beds. Salary £420 rising to £580 per annum. Duties will include work at Out-patient Clinics. Candidates in possession of a car will receive the prescribed mileage allowances. The appointment is subject to the Conditions of Service as prescribed by the Ministry of Health and to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950. Applications, giving full details of experience and the names of two persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent within fourteen days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL College for Heating, Ventilating, Refrigeration and Fan Engineering. Appointment of Librarian.—The Board of Governors invite applications for the post of Librarian at the College to take up duties in August next. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians and have had experience of technical libraries. In addition to taking charge of the library the person appointed will be required to classify technical information from sources outside the College and to prepare at regular intervals a bulletin of abstracts from current technical literature. The post is superannuable and the salary payable will be in accordance with the scale £575 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £550. The candidate appointed will be placed on a point on this scale appropriate to his or her qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to: Fredk. J. Packer, Clerk to the Governors, Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

PHYSIOTHERAPY—Assistant wanted in private specialist practice. Apply Miss Little, 85 Banbury Rd., Oxford.

NURSERY School Teacher required September. Private Chelsea Day Nursery. Qualifications and experience to Box 890.

MARRIED couple wanted as assistant wardens. Apply Principal, Hever Warren School, Hever, Kent.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 2176.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman graduate, cer, social & administrative experience wishes interesting post, temp. perm., pref. with travel home U.S.A. Anything considered. Box 696.

EDUCATED woman (25) wants post in Manchester: creative, wide interests, varied exper. anything considered. Box 660.

ENGLISHMAN (52), exlnt. prac. know. Fr., Germ., Span., able trans. Ital., Portg., sec. exp. internatl. bodies & commce., sks. post, pref. internatl. organsn. Box 540.

YOUNG woman (interested Arts): light duties congenial family, London, for bedsit., small salary. Box 444.

TWENTY-nine-year-old gymnast desires non-teaching post. Interested in books, Scottish Country Dancing, children, travel, theatre, cookery. Suggestions to Box 773.

QUALIFIED experienced infants' mistress seeks post comm. August in residential school where own child (aged 2) can attend kindergarten. Box 739.

YNG. wmn., 28. Gd. edctn., sk3. interstg. post. Has taught Art & Drama in schls. Expd. acting & modelling. Some typng./shthnd. Cmptnt. driver. Res. London. Box 722.

EX-Secretary to M.P., experienced, reliable, requires responsible post. Full-time or would consider part-time. Box 767.

SEC./S.T. able work evenings from 5.30 in W.1 W.C.1 area. Box 575.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

NEAR Pendine. Homely accom. offered in country hse., own grounds, in beautiful coastal district. Tennis, billiards; safe bathing. Own produce. Terms: 5-6gns. Bus routes Tenby, Carmarthen, Pendine. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthen. Laugharne 25.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. The house that is different. Every modern comfort in an old-world setting of great charm. Directly facing harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing. Good touring centre. Garage. 6-7½gns. Brochure: Pilgrims (Phone 264).

PORTHLEVEN, S. C'wall. Tye Rock Hotel. Ideal for early summer holidays & Honeymoons. Directly facing sea in own grounds; abundant home-cooked fare. A.A. recomm.

S DEVON. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming: there are still some vacancies in this old-world country house overlooking Start Bay. Beautiful surroundings, excellent table, every comfort. Phone Stoke Fleming 246.

W. COAST of Ireland. Spend your holidays in the midst of delightful scenery and stay at Avondale Hse., Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere; log fires, home produce; write for booklet.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1946.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlkg. sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

EDINBURGH. West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Beautiful mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels & all amenities. Prices from 18s. 4d. per day inclusive. Easy journey from Victoria. British representative: C. Rockett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw Tel. Llanrwst 166.

HISTORIC Romantic Exeter. The Centre for Tours in Devon and the Gateway to the West. Brochure from Information Bureau, Exeter. (Postage 2d.); Official Guide "D" with Street Plan and Index, 1s. 3d. post free.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (1 star), on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms, Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 7-9gns. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

BETWEEN Lune Valley & Lakeland. A perfect holiday centre in modernised Georgian country house. Wooded estate. Mod. charges—Yealand Manor, Carnforth.

N. CORNWALL: cottage guest hse. Sands, 2A. surfing, buses 5 min. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cott., Trecknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

SWITZERLAND—for your £25 allowance a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world & £8 left. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

SW Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt Cdr H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

EIRE. Accommodation, bed and breakfast, two sharing. Jewish. Write Simmons, 43, Greenlea Park, Terenure, Dublin.

SMALL Farm Guest House has summer vacancies. Lovely views, mod. cons. Reductions May/June. Lawrie, Homeleigh Farm, Mevagissey, Polperro Rd., nr. Looe, Cwall.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm prod. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Gatness, "Sea-View." Also furnished bungalow up to July 12, and after Aug. 30. Sleeps 10 people. Terms: May 12gns., June-July 15gns., Sept. 12gns.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed in country cottage. Farm produce, modern cons. 5 miles sea. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden. Tel. Iden 205.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Village, Sea, Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. & Gd. Chard Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

CWALL. Trehatrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Lovely for flowers. King Arthur's cntry. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout & Salmon. Nr. Polzeath (surf-bthng). Lundy Bay/Port Quin/Port Gaverne. Bannerman. Port Isaac 234.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Penn-ine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library, Fishing, golf, lakes. Comf. and good food. Perm. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. 10 acres. Exc. cuisine. 5½gns. Brochure.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

HINDHEAD, Surrey. Moor House Hotel & Garden Club. Facing South. Every comfort awaits you at this hotel with the country house atmosphere. Marvellous cooking. Electric fires. H. & c. all bedrooms. Finest position in this beautiful district. (National Trust.) Direct access to the Golden Valley. Frequent fast electric trains London and Coast. Tennis. Club licence. Moderate charges. 'Phone: 155, or write the Manager.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SYGUN Farm, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

ACCOMMODATION in guest house. Ideal situation. Magnificent view, mild climate. Gardens. Garage. H. & C. water and gas fires in spacious bedrooms. Guests met at Dun Laoghaire. Book now for Summer holidays. Reasonable terms. "Suinbury," Killiney, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern standard of comfort, farm produce and an understanding of good food and wine. Vacancies May and late September. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly Hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort, too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horeham Rd. 32.

PENSION Thélin. Pleasant Garden, near Pantheon. 28s. daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

ILFRACOMBE. The Wessex Pte. Hotel. Ideally sit. 2 mins. sea. Mod. comforts. Car park. 5/7 gns. Write broch. Tel. 1014.

BED and Breakfast 10s. 6d. each, highly recommended. Near shops, sea, station. Hall, 7 Haldon Terrace, Dawlish.

W. Sussex. Lovely country, 1 hr. London. Ideal holidays/whands. Reas. Timberscombe Guest-Hse., Fernhurst, Haslemere, Sy.

COME to Chagford, Devon, this year—you won't be able to in 2052. Write for Brochures: The Sec., Chagford Hotels Assoc.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Broch.

DEVON and Cornwall. Ideal for May and June Holidays. Low terms. Long sunny days. Good food. Happy companionship. Brochure 18 free from Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon.

MENDIPS. Children's Guest House. Beautiful situation (900ft). Riding. Expert tuition. Own ponies welc. Shows attended. Miners Arms, Priddy, Nr. Wells, Som.

DORSET. Bridport. Priv. Guest House. Owing cancellation, vacs. June, 1st 2 wks. July 4 wks. end Sept. Bed 6/8.

WRITER'S wife letting 2 rms., south coast Cornish village. From 3gns., May-Sept.; bed & breakfast. Write Box 522.

FARM Holidays: Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 5d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. NSN), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

WOODLANDS Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Delightful, friendly, inexpensive holiday with swimming, tennis, min. golf, games etc., and jolly evenings. Write for brochure.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT are modern Educationalists thinking? Read "New Era" (International), or join N.E.F., 1 Park Crescent, W.1.

NOW Available: Gohm's "Tropical Fish in the Home," 144 illustrations, 90s.; Burton's Pentamerion, 25s. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

64-PAGE Catalogue available. Books on Mysticism, Eastern and Esoteric Religions, Freemasonry, Psychical Research, Yoga, Psychology, Philosophy and kindred subjects. Supplements supplied periodically. Many books unobtainable elsewhere in this country. Send 2½d. stamp to Robert Glanvill (Booksellers), 1 Ladbroke Rd., Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11.

GERMAN Books sold and purchased by Continental Book Supply, 30a Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Postal business.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Duke's Avenue, N.10.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 30a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL 3030.

SOCIALISTS! Sell your books to Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS sold, English, French, German: M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, N.W.6. PRImrose 2585. Also offers made without obligation for good books. Country visited.

PERSONAL

STRONG, healthy Swedish student, 18, wishes work in exch. board, pocket-money June/July/Aug. Garden, farm-work, etc. Mrs. Ahlgren, Cathedral School, Lund, Sweden.

TEMP. housekeeping post reqd. by widow with son 9½. London pref. but anywhere considered where child welcd. Box 766.

OXFORD undergraduate (P.P.E.) seeks summer vacation job. Any type of work considered: preferably abroad. Box 743.

SWISS girl student wishes stay with English family in London as paying guest, willing to baby-sit occ. evenings. Write: Rosengasse, 32 Chepstow Place, W.2.

INTELLIGENT single man wants position of trust in hotel or catering business. Experienced. Hard worker, congenial disposition. Leftish. Small capital. His woman friend, reliable children's nurse, would like accompanying post. K. Riley, 67, Bramble Rd., Hatfield, Herts.

YOUNG man would like to hear of another to help develop Market Garden and Pig Holding. Partnership after mutual trial. Experience not essential. Or good country home, food and nominal wage offered for temporary help. Box 618.

FRENCH-Swiss girl, age 18, offers services in return for hospitality. Box 821.

SWISS Cottage—lovely room, garden, available meetings, parties. One minute Tube. Viennese cuisine. Box 645.

CARAVAN, Bantry Bay, private gardens, sleep 3, Calor gas; July, second half August, Sept. Box 612.

AUSTRIAN girl, 17, father lecturer Vienna University, 3½ few weeks' hospitality (July, August) in English family. Help children, teach German. Refs. exch. Box 875.

JULY to Sept. Furnished house/cottage with garden wanted within 30 miles London. All suggestions considered. Box 815.

SHARE Continental Tour, roomy car, with two young Australians. Car expenses shared in Sterling. Start mid-June or early-July. Would take 2 or 3 congenial companions. Room 5, 38 Henrietta St., W.C.2.

PAYING guests welcomed in quiet Irish village. Tuition in French and German. Continental cooking. Five guineas. Box 726.

YOUNG Italian lady offers services Aug. 10-Sept. 6. Care children, coaching Italian, French or secretarial. Keep and pocket money. Country or seaside. Box 783.

TWO Grads. (f.) desire Hotel work Aug.; typewriting, langs., general. Box 770.

ATTRACTIVE Hall, newly decorated, central London, suitable conferences, orchestral concerts, etc., seat 250. Available Thurs., Fri. or Sat. Eves., or Sat. aft. Write particulars Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUS. 1916.

INEXPENSIVE week-end retreat—houseboat, converted 60ft yacht, teak-built and copper-sheathed, seven berths with Dunlopillo mattresses, lying in pleasant Essex village, price £750. Box 617.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £50.

FINE Hand-Printing. Books of Memoirs, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns. London, W.8.

MANNEQUINS. The world-famous Lucie Clayton Appointments Bureau for Fashion Models will give a free consultation to any young lady considering day or evening training. 44a Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

SPECIALIST teaches perfect diction. Invaluable to public spkrs. PAD. 5504 evg.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0829.

JITENDRA Arya, character portrait photographer. Tel. appointment: SPE 9214.

AUSTRIA by air or train. Tours fr. July 19. Zell-am-See, Fulpmes (with Dolomites), Gmunden (with Vienna); gd. hotels, gd. company, 13-15 nights £29-£36. 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

UNFORGETTABLE Holidays by Coach to Spain, down the Dalmatian Coast, or through the loveliest parts of Germany and Austria including Vienna. For details apply Fatiways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Rally & Camp, Vienna, for members of the democratic Labour Movement under 40. Leaving London June 29, 15 days; all-in, £25. I.U.S.Y., 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ITALY. 3 weeks at holiday village on coast south of Leghorn £36 4s. London to London (or 2 weeks for £30 19s. Very inexpensive excursions to Venice, Rome, Capri, &c. Many free amenities. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St. London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CORSICA. 14 days' blissful holiday with the Olympic Club running for the fifth year their well-known camp. Near-tropical sandy beach, sports, entertainments and excursions over this fascinating island. By train 35gns. all inc. By air 39gns. all incl., leaving about £13 spending money out of your allowance. For full details apply Corsica Dept., Fregata Travel, Ltd., 122 Wardour St., W.1. Phone GERrard 7407.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

TYROLEAN holiday in delightful village nr. Innsbruck. Peasant dancing and music. 15 days £29 5s. incl. Many others to choose from. Booklet free. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chs. 6436.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY Theatre, Pri. 2211. Com. Mon. 2 wks. only. Michael Redgrave presents the sensational success of '51 Edinburgh Festival, Theatre Workshop, in "Uranium 235."

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Com. May 13. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mn.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Voysey Inheritance." Mems.

UNITY, Eus. 3391. "The Wages of Eve" a comedy. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. Adults only.

PETER Ustinov's "The Indifferent Shepherd"—A Tavistock Repertory Company Production, at Christchurch Theatre-Studio, 156a Albany St., N.W.1. May 14-18 and 21-25, 7.30 p.m. 4s., 2s. 6d., membs. For details of 2s. 6d. Club Membership, ring EUS. 7185 after 7 p.m.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Comm. May 14 evgs. 7.30 ex. Mon., Sun. 6. Rabindranath Tagore's "Sacrifice" & "Post Office." Mems.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Final perf. of "Irving Revue," "this invariably witty revue" (S. Pict.) will be 8.30 Sunday. Mems. 2s.

BOLTONS Evening Party: May 13 and nightly at 10 p.m. Delia Murphy (first time in London), Marcella Salzer, Alan Wheatley, Michael Charnley, Sonia Hana. Book by Eliot, Thurber, Schnitzler, Ogden Nash, Dyment. Members KEN. 7544.

INTELLECTUAL Indigestion? Try "Swiss Cottage Pie" topical intimate revue. Every Fri., Sat., Sun., 8 p.m. Cosmopolitan Players Club, 153 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. (nr. Swiss Cott. tube). Enq. membship., bookings Fri., Sat., Sun., from 4 p.m. PRI. 5548.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until May 18: Victor McLaglen in Ford's "The Informer" (A); Arne Sucksdorf's "Summer Interlude" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. May 11, 7.30. "Pattes Blanches" (A) (French).

TWO new Chinese films. Double première. "China, Family of Nations," and "Along the Yangtse." Speaker, Mr. Harold Davies, M.P., recently returned from World Economic Conference, Moscow. Scala Theatre, W.1. Monday, May 19, 7.30 p.m. Res. seats, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Theatre or Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. Tel. AMB. 1431.2. (S.a.e. when writing, please.)

EVERY Saturday night, New Era Film Society presents Social and Film Show, 7-11 p.m. May 10: showing "Festival in Berlin" and "Strange Victory," a brilliant & disturbing study of attacks on minority groups in America to-day, at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (nearest Tube, High Street, Ken.). Mems. 1s. 6d., visitors 2s., films 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Fortnight, May 12-24. Film Festival: premières (Eng. subtitles) Polish films: "The Treasure" (comedy post-war Warsaw) Tues., May 13; "The Devil's Pass" (mountain adventure) Fri., May 16; "Warsaw, Undefeated City" (heroic struggle against Nazis) Tues., May 20. All at Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. & 2s. (see advt. below).

CAMPOLI, violin; Anna Pollak, mezzo-soprano; W.M.A. Singers, S. London Festival Choir. Celebrity Concert programme includes Polish Works & Songs from Poland to-day. Fri., May 23, 7.30, Kingsway Hall. Tkts. 1s. & 2s. Tkts. from Brit.-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Lan. 6593) or at door.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, Tues., May 13, at 7. B.B.C. Maida Vale Studio 1. Stanley Bate: Sinfonietta No. 2, Goffredo Petrassi: *Second Concerto for Orchestra (Conducted by the Composer); Elizabeth Maconchy: *Nocturne for Orchestra; Bernard Stevens: *Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra; John Joubert: Symphonic Study in B minor. (*First performance in London). William Pleeth (Violoncello). The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Leader: David McCallum.) Conductor: John Pritchard. Adm. to members only. All engs. to L.C.M.C. (Mus. 3930.)

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday, May 19, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hugh Burden, Gordon Watson & The London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble, in works by: Arnold Schoenberg (Ode to Napoleon), Humphrey Searle & William Walton (Façade, with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Conductor: George Weldon. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

RECITAL of Contemporary Rumanian Music. Recorded by Tape, introduced by Leonard Cassini, 14 Kensington Square, W.1. May 18, Sunday, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6d. British-Rumanian Friendship Association, 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

RONALD Tremaine. Theme & variations for 2 violins. Alan Loveday, Neville Mariner, 1st perf. Chair: Colin Horsley (with N.Z. mus. society). I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, May 16, 8 p.m.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

CALYPSO Dance, Caribbean Labour Congress, L.B. Sat., May 10, 7 p.m. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., Rep Somers and his Calypso Band. Adm. 4s. Your favourite entertainment.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

INTERNATIONAL Yth. Centre highlights: Sun., May 11, at 8 p.m. Merry May Social, 2s. Tues. 13, 8 p.m. "Education of the deaf child." Guest speaker. Free. W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. New Turnstile Print, Utrillo's "Rue de Village," £2 5s. plus tax £1 1s. 5d. On show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. N.E. Corner Lincoln's Inn Fields.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Until June 14.

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker. A Memorial Exhibition organised with the Arts Council. Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by A. Minnchine and recent work by Brenda Chamberlain.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group Exhibition. Monday-Friday, 10-5; Sunday 2-5. Until May 18. Photographs by Lucia Goehr. May 14-28.

"PARIS-Londres": Mainly pictures acquired recently in France by Courbet, Corot, Cezanne, Manet, Renoir, Boudin, Pissarro, etc., 9.30-6. Sat., 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

SAUL Steinberg, of "New Yorker" fame. 100 of his latest cartoons at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wk.-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d., Members free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. First Exhibitions in London of the Italian painter Guido Pajetta, and the sculptor, Emilio Greco.

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WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Works by Victor Pasmore. Paintings by Hans Seiler; Collages and Ceramics by Contemporary English artists. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

NEW Hungarian Photography and Folk Art: Exhibition open from May 1 to 24 daily (except Sundays) 2.30-8 p.m. 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Adm. 6d. British Hungarian Friendship Society. Open until May 24.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

INDONESIAN Exhibition of Arts, Crafts and Products, May 13-24. Army and Navy Stores (3rd Floor), 105 Victoria St., S.W.1. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2.30-5.

ALA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Touring Company of Pictures available for provincial Art Centres, Universities, Colleges, Schools, etc. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc.

THE Max Beerbohm Exhibition. Also paintings by Leonard Appelbee. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of English Churchyard Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until May 24. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

EQUAL Pay: All Party meeting, Fri., May 9, 7 p.m., Central Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Edith Summerskill, M.P.; Irene Ward, M.P.; Mrs. Clement Davies. Chair: Mrs. Cazalet-Keir. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 11: H. J. Blackham, B.A., "Humanism on the International Front." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

"ASTROLOGY & Your Life Problems," by Mrs. Sudbury-Hurren, lecturer to Women's Institutes and Towns-Women's Guilds, Thursday, May 15, 8 p.m., under the auspices All Nations Social Club, at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Dvc. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. All welcome. May 11: "Universal Brotherhood."

THE Linguists' Club, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 17 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Driant: "Chansons françaises."

"PSYCHISM and Spirituality," Mrs. H. M. Powell. Sun., May 11, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. Edward Glover on "Society and Crime." Tuesday, May 13, at Conway Hall, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

S.E. ASIA: a conference with Dr. Victor Purcell, Dorothy Woodman & Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. Chairman: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. June 7, from 2.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. (members 1s. 6d. in advance), from Fabian International & Colonial Bureaux, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DR. Gilbert Murray, O.M., delivers his Presidential Address to the Society for Psychical Research at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, May 21, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

EVE of Departure Meeting. Seretse Khama and delegation from the Bamangwato Tribe will address a united meeting, before the return of the delegation to Bechuanaland, in Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (nr. Victoria Station), on Saturday, May 10, at 7 p.m. Some of the additional speakers will include: Canon Collins (St. Paul's); Geoffrey Bing, M.P.; Frank Bessack, M.P.; Joe Appiah, Roderic Bowen, M.P. Chairman: Fenner Brockway, M.P. The delegation will answer Lord Salisbury.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Must Britain Go Bankrupt?" A discussion between Mr. Douglas Jay, M.P. (Labour), Mr. R. Gowan Beloe (Conservative) and Mr. John Campbell (Editor of the "Daily Worker"). C.E.A. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. Thursday, May 15, 7.30 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tues., May 13, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Memorial Lecture on Sir Stafford Cripps." Speaker, The Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence. Adm. 2s.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. Public Meeting, 7 p.m., Monday, May 12. Feathers Tavern, Tudor St., E.C.4. Mr. P. A. Fraenkel, Legal adviser to Bamangwato tribe, Legal and Constitutional Aspects of recent events in Bechuanaland.

PICASSO Series. 5 illus. lectures by Prof. Anthony Blunt. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Comm. May 14. Engs. GRO. 6186.

W. African Students Union Conference, Human Nature and Politics, 11 Chelsea Embkt. S.W.3. Sat. May 17, 5 p.m. Prof. T. E. Jessop, 8 p.m. Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones; Sun. May 18, 3 p.m. Rev. Dr. Marcus James.

DEFENCE of Children. Report of World Conference, Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m., Wed., May 14. Speakers include: Ald. Mrs. Green, Mrs. Nancy Silverman, and Le Gros Clarke. Chairman: Monica Whately. Tkts. 1s.

CENTRAL Africans' Appeal to Britain. Public Meeting, Fri., May 9, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Mr. Dingle Foot (presiding), Mrs. Eirene White, M.P., Rev. Michael Scott, Rev. Kenneth McKenzie (missionary from Nyasaland) and African representatives from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. At Hind Memorial Hall, Gt. Smith St. Ent. to Church House.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Biblical History in the Light of Archeological Research": C. Frumstein, M.A., Sunday, May 11. "Nathan Alterman, the troubadour of the Hebrew lyric": Miss C. Kaufmann, Thursday, May 15, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Town Planning Development in Israel," Illustrated lecture by Leslie B. Gimburg, A.R.I.B.A. Wed., May 14, at 8. Visitors 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Contemporary Art in Paris." Lecture by Charles S. Spencer. Sunday, May 11, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

LUNCH-Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tues. at 1.10, May 13: Relaxation and Energy. May 20: The Power behind the Mind.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Swami Ghanananda, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., nr. Holborn Tube, Thrs. May 15, 7.30 p.m. "The Real and Apparent Man." All welc.

DR. Bustace Chesser: "Education and Psychology," Hampstead Ethical Society, 39 Priory Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6. Sat., May 10, at 2.45.

M. L. BURNET: "On Death." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., May 11, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., May 14, 6.30 p.m. "Some Problems of Buddhist Thought." Mr. Ronald Fussell.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. GER. 5007. Mondays, May 12 to June 23, at 6.30 p.m. "Literacy Conversations"—contemporary writers will discuss literary figures of the past 100 years. May 12—John Betjeman and Frances Cornford. Further speakers: Angela Thirkell; Gerard Hopkins and Derek Patmore; Kathleen Raine and Lord Birkenhead; Alan Pryce-Jones and Edmund Blunden; Harold Nicolson and Osbert Lancaster. Non-members: 2s. at door.

UNIVERSITY of London. Cancellation—The course of three lectures by Señor Garcia Gómez on "Los albores de la lírica románica, las jarvas romances en las muwaschahas," to have been given on May 12, 15 and 16 at King's College, has been cancelled.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be given by Professor F. Dvornik (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on May 20, 22 and 27 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1. May 20: The Slavs and the Conflict between Empire and Papacy. May 22: Byzantium, Rome and the Southern Slavs. May 27: Byzantium and the Origins of Moscovite Autocracy. Admission free, without ticket.

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THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics is now enrolling new students for September, 1952. Prospectus from the Director of Studies, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9.

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